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MY LILY-PETALLED ROSE.

BY LETO.

In love's parterre I planted
A lily-petalled rose;
In hope's bright glow I planted
And delved till evening's close;
For I was long been haunted
With fear of unseen foes,
And my lone heart long had wanted
A sharer of its woes.

Arm-folded, o'er the paling
Leaned Cupid, watching me;
I heeded not his railing,
But toiled on steadily,
My courage never failing,
My glad heart sorrow-free,
Cupid's banter unavailing
To chase away my glee.

My young rose throve, perfuming
Love's garden as it grew,
In rarest beauty blooming,
Sun-brightened—tipped with dew;
I saw no signs of glooming
In skies of softest blue;
But I saw hope's sun illuming
Those skies of azure hue.

My care was well requited,
My lily petalled rose
Grew stronger; love-delighted,
I feared no unseen foes.
Time passed. The earth was whited
With falsehood's chilling snows;
Then my lily rose was blighted,
And died ere evening's close!

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXV.—[CONTINUED.]

"FOR heaven's sake be silent, Mr. Wilson!" cried Mr. Parkley. "There, you've made Miss Studwick faint."

In fact, Bessy, standing by her brother's side as he watched the whole of the proceedings, had sunk down softly upon the deck; but when the doctor turned to help her, John Studwick angrily repelled him.

"It was your horrible talk that began it, and that long fool's finished the work," exclaimed John Studwick. "Now, go back and see the shark killed. I can attend to my sister. Send for some cold water, father," he added as the captain came up.

But it was needless, for Bessy was recovering fast, and after looking wildly about for a few moments she sat up by her brother, and held his hand, with her back turned to the group on deck.

"Bah!" ejaculated Rasp, coolly. "There, keep clear o' that chube," he shouted. "It's shark's blood, that's what it is, and you'll see him turn up by and by. Here he comes—no, he aint turned up yet. Now he's going down again. There," he cried directly after, as the line glided softly through his hands, "Mr. Dutch has given him another. Look at the cloud rising again, and—ha! ha! ha! What did I tell you all?"

As he spoke, Hester saw the form of the shark rising slowly through the ruddy clouds, till its white belly gleamed in the sunshine; and Rasp pointed out with delight the two great gashes through which its life blood was passing out, while the monster made a few ineffectual struggles to recover itself, and then floated slowly to leeward.

"There aint many about here just now," said Rasp, "or else that blood would have brought 'em round. Ha! there won't be much of him left by to-morrow morning. Serve him right, for interfering with divers."

Hester's eyes closed again for a few moments, as her heart went up in grateful thanksgiving. Then she was watching the gradually clearing water till she could see her husband once again; and as she saw him moving it was with a feeling of hope that he would come up now.

But, as we know, he passed right under the schooner, and there were more spectators crossed over to the other side to watch his efforts, while she faint and exhausted with her emotion, sat down on a coil of rope, gazing at the tube that passed close by her. Rasp having set a goodly length free as soon as he found Dutch was on the move; and she had seen this long snake like pipe creep well over the side as the diver went farther and farther away, knowing that it was the bond which held him to life, and feeling, with a kind of fascination, that she could not explain that it was now her duty to watch the tube, and see that it was not touched.

As she felt this, she raised her eyes for a moment, to see that Rasp was standing with his back to her, and that she was alone, for all were now intent upon the diver's actions, and, just here and there, commented upon his work.

"He's found out the place," said one. "He's got something—no, he hasn't," and so on.

Just then Hester Pugh became aware of some one standing close by her, and turning her eyes, it was to find that Laure had crossed unnoticed to her side, where he stood as if looking over the bulwarks for sharks, but really all the time with his eyes fixed upon and fascinating her, while, to her horror, she saw that one of his bare feet kept touching the tube.

"I've been waiting for this opportunity," he said at last, in a low whisper. "You tried to betray me this morning."

"No, no," she moaned, as the wretch placed his foot upon the tube, smiling upon her the while.

"You will betray me, in spite of my warning," he continued, in the same low tone; "and for this, because I hate Dutch Pugh, and love you, my child, I am going to press my foot down upon this tube. Hark! dare to raise your voice in the least," he whispered, fiercely, as he saw her white lips part, "and it is his instant death. Do you understand? If I stop the flow of air for only a few seconds, he will be so startled that he will not recover himself, while, if I double the time, it will make assurance doubly sure, as you English people say. Swear now to me, by all that is holy, by all your future hopes, that you will not betray me."

"Heaven give me strength!—I cannot!" panted Hester.

"My foot is pressing the tube," he hissed. "But then I know, sweet love, that you wish him dead, that there may be no hindrance to our passion."

"Monster!" she cried.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Will you swear!"

"Yes, yes," she panted.

"That you will neither by word nor deed betray me."

"Yes," she said, hoarsely. "I swear it!"

"Thanks, dear one," he whispered. "It is only for a few days. Mind, they have found one of my treasure stores; they shall work for me—for us—in ignorance, and bring it all to the surface. For us, Hester. You need not turn away; I read your heart, and that you will love me as I love you soon, and you shall revel in wealth like an Eastern princess. But now you must swear more; I cannot wait. I will not have those loathing looks and angry eyes directed at me. You shall swear that you will be mine when and where I ask it of you, or ——"

"Are you some fiend?" exclaimed Hester, with a look of horror, as she saw his foot pressing the tube.

"No," he whispered, passionately, "only a man whom you have driven nearly mad with your beauty, and who can and will suffer no more. Have you not always been cold, and rejected me, even in spite of my prayers? Now I am driven to extremities. Swear that you will be mine, or Dutch Pugh dies beneath your feet."

"I cannot—will not," she faltered, with her senses reeling.

"Cannot! Will not! You must and shall. You know that I have but to keep my foot firmly pressed down for a few moments and he becomes senseless. And what then? Who in the confusion will know that it was I? Swear it to me, girl, this moment. Hester I implore, as well as command. Have I not told you my love? Listen to me. Have I not followed you here—done everything for your sake?"

"I will not swear," exclaimed Hester, in low, panting tones, and then she uttered a faint cry, which was checked on the instant, as, with a look of passionate rage that he could not control, she saw Laure flatten the tube and knew that it was to her husband's death.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RASP'S ADVENTURE.

"WILL you swear now?" he whispered. "He is dying. Will you not save him!"

"I cannot, I cannot," she panted. "Oh, it is too horrible! Dutch, my love, it is for you sake. I swear."

"That you are mine!"

"Yes, yes," she whispered; and she swooned away, while Laure removed his foot from the tube.

"Quick, my lads, with a will," shouted Rasp, "Haul! Run him up."

For the old diver had suddenly awakened to the fact that something was wrong below; and at his command the men holding the life-line ran forward along the deck, drawing Dutch rapidly to the surface, where half a dozen willing hands, the Cuban's among them, seized him and laid him on the deck, where Rasp rapidly unscrewed the helmet and exposed the young man's face—blue and distorted with strangulation.

"Quick! some more of these thing off," exclaimed Mr. Meldon.

"You let him alone," growled Rasp. "I'll bring him to in a jiffy!" And, rudely elbowing the doctor aside, he seized Dutch's arms, pumping them up and down a few times, and then, forcibly pressing on his breast, producing a kind of artificial respiration; for at the end of a minute Dutch sighed, and then rapidly began to recover himself.

As he commenced breathing more regularly, those surrounding became aware that Hester was trying to get to his side, for unnoticed in the excitement, she had recovered her senses, and then pale and sick at heart, crept to the group, where she dreaded to look upon the form of him she loved lying dead.

A look of joy, succeeded by one of intense despair, crossed her face as she knelt down by Dutch's head, waiting to see his eyes open, and to hear his words, as she shudderingly recalled the promise she had made to save his life.

She was so behind him that he did not see her when at last he opened his eyes, and gazed wildly about him, as if not comprehending where he was; and directly after he placed his hands to his face as if to feel the helmet.

His eyes opened more widely then, and Rasp held the cup of a brandy flask to his lips.

"Take a sup 'o this here, Mr. Pug," he said, in his rough way.

Dutch obeyed without a word, and his face began to resume its natural aspect.

"That was a near touch, Mr. Dutch," growled the old fellow. "You would stop down too long."

"Too long!" said Dutch, faintly, as he tried to sit up.

"No, no—be still for a few minutes," said the doctor, who had been pushing up the india rubber band of his sleeve, and feeling the sufferer's pulse, to Rasp's great disgust.

"Who said I stopped down too long?" said Dutch, angrily, but in rather a feeble way. "The supply of air was stopped," he said.

"What!" cried Rasp, fiercely.

"I say the wind was stopped."

"Hark at him!" cried Rasp, looking round from one to the other. "Hark at that, Mister Parkley, and you too, captain. Why, I superintended it all myself, and the supply never stopped for a moment."

Hester shuddered.

"Here, he goes and overdoes it, gets fightin' sharks, and stopping down about twice as long as he should the first time, and then says the pumping was checked."

"You must have got the tube, kinked," said Dutch, sitting up. "Take off these weights."

"You must, you mean'" said Rasp, unhooking the leaden pads from breast to back; and while he was so engaged Hester looked wildly round in a desperate resolve to tell all, but her eyes dropped directly, as she shuddered, for just at her husband's feet stood Laure, and she felt that she dare not tell the secret that seemed to be driving her mad.

"Here you goes right under the schooner, and must have hitched the chube in the ladder; that's what you must have done."

"There, it's of no use to argue with you Rasp," said Dutch. "I'm all right again now, thank you, doctor; but I'm sure of one thing—the supply of air was stopped somehow, and I've had a bit of a shaking."

"And I'm sure it just wasn't," growled Rasp. "Everything went just as it should go. There!"

Dutch rose without assistance, and as he did so, Hester, with a sigh of relief, shrank away, feeling that she could never look upon his face again.

"But I have saved his life," she sighed to herself. "I have saved his life!" And then, shuddering with horror, and asking herself whether the time had not come when she had better die, she crept slowly to the cabin stairs, descended, and sinking into her chair by her cot, sat there and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Dutch smiled with pleasure as he stood up and found that he could take a few steps here and there without feeling his brain reel; for Oakum took his old straw hat, waved it round his head, and the men gave a hearty cheer.

"It weer too bad o' you though to stop his wind, Rasp, owd mate," growled Oakum, in the old diver's ear.

Rasp looked daggers at him, and then proceeded to wipe and polish the helmet, from which we had been removing some grains of sand.

"Have a cigar, Mr. Pugh," said Wilson, holding out his case, and then shaking hands—an example followed by Mr. Parkley, the captain, and John Studwick, who stood looking at him with admiration.

"I have done nothing but shake your hands for the last ten minutes, Mr. Pugh," said the doctor, warmly, "but we may as well shake hands again; though really our old friend Rasp here, with his rough and ready means, was principal attendant."

"Humph!" growled Rasp, "I do get the credit for that, then. Stopped the wind, indeed! Here, you nigger, just leave that pump alone."

This last to Pollo, who was curiously inspecting the machine, and who strutted off with his opal eyes rolling, and his teeth grinning indignation at being called a nigger.

"Well, Pugh," said Mr. Parkley, who so far had been able to restrain his impatience, but who longed to hear the result of the investigation, "I must congratulate you on your brave encounter with the shark."

"And wanted me to haul you up," growled Rasp.

"There was not much bravery in it," said Dutch, who was now smoking as composedly as if nothing had occurred, while the water steamed from his india rubber suit was fast drying on the sunbaked deck. "I was well armed—my enemy was not."

"Wasn't he!" growled Rasp, giving a vicious rub at the helmet. "What do you call them teeth? But then, we divers are not skeered about a shark or two."

"Do you feel well enough to talk about your descent, Pugh?" said Mr Parkley.

"I feel well enough to go down again," said Dutch, smiling; "but this time I must have a sharp-pointed iron rod to probe the sand."

"I'm a-going down next," said Rasp. "It's my turn."

"But what is your opinion? What have you made out?" said Mr. Parkley.

"Almost nothing," replied Dutch. "If there is anything below there, it is buried deep in sand, which, I think, we must blast away, for it runs back as fast as it is dug."

"Then you found absolutely nothing?" said Mr. Parkley, while the others waited eagerly for the young man's answer.

"Unless this proves to be something," replied Dutch, taking the shelly mass from his net basket, and handing it to his partner.

Mr. Parkley received it with trembling hands.

"It is heavy," he said, turning it over and over. "Here, Rasp, a hammer—quick!"

The old fellow handed a bright steel-headed tool, with the ordinary hammer head on one side, but a sharp wedge-shaped edge at the other, and with this Mr. Parkley chipped away the small barnacles and other shells conglomerated together, and at about the fourth stroke laid bare something bright and shining.

"My dear Dutch," cried his partner, dropping the hammer, "we are right. Look—silver!"

He wrung Dutch's hand vigorously, as the young man's face flushed with pleasure; and then, picking up the hammer, he struck off the remainder of the shelly concretion, and passed round a blackened, wedge-shaped ingot of about a couple of pounds weight, and undoubtedly of very fine silver.

"Here, lay hold of the ends of this soot," cried Rasp, eagerly, as he seized the second suit, which lay ready on a seat. "I'm a-going down dreckly."

"We'd better wait first, and make some definite plan of action," said Mr. Parkley, who was nearly as excited as his old assistant.

"No, we hadn't," said Rasp, shuffling into the india rubber garments. "Only just have that ladder shifted over to port. You can make your plans while I go down t'other side, and feels about with the iron rod. You two's administrative; I'm zekative. I shan't be happy unless I has a go in."

The point was yielded, the ladder shifted over to the other side, and in a few minutes Rasp had taken the keen knife and stuck it in his belt, thrown down a long iron rod, and declared himself ready.

"I shall set to work where you left that there spade," he said. "You'll see as the wind aint stopped, Mr. Parkley, sir."

"Of course," was the reply.

"And you'll see as the chube aint in no kinks, Mr. Pug," he continued, with a dry, chuckling laugh, "and so will I."

"You may laugh, Rasp," said Dutch, good humoredly; "but you will not alter my opinion about it at all."

"I know that, Mr. Pug—I know that," he chuckled.

"But you haven't got the life-line attached."

"Yah! I don't want any life-lines," said the old fellow. "I've been down too many times."

"You don't go down without, Rasp," said Mr. Parkley, authoritatively.

"And why not?" said the stubborn old fellow.

"Because if you like to throw your life away, I don't wish to spare you at such a time."

The old fellow assumed his helmet, growled and grumbled the whole time and then, all being ready, the look-out was arranged once more for sharks, Mr. Parkley held a cartridge or two ready, and Dutch took the management of the descent, watchfully minding that the tube and lines were clear; and Rasp went down, to be seen directly after thrusting down the rod here and there, and soon after commencing digging in the slow, laborious way inevitable in so dense a medium.

The water was disturbed by the continuous fountain of exhausted bubbles that rose rapidly to the surface; but all the same, Rasp's motion could be pretty well followed, and they were scanned with great eagerness by all on deck, when suddenly the cry was raised, and the black fins of a couple of monsters were seen slowly coming up astern.

In an instant Mr. Parkley ran aft, and after seeing that his wire coil would be perfectly free, he threw the cartridge with such precision that it fell between the two fish, and on the wire being applied to the battery there was a dull report, a heavy column of water flew up, in which could be seen the forms of the sharks, and as the commotion subsided they were seen swimming feebly, in a stunned, helpless manner, round and round, and gradually getting more distant from the schooner.

The men gave a cheer at the result; but as they did so, Mr. Wilson raised the cry again of "Sharks!" and pointed downwards, where a monster was seen slowly approaching Rasp, who was working away in profound ignorance of his danger, though he had been seen to straighten himself up for a moment or two when the cartridges were exploded.

"Stand ready with the life-line," shouted Dutch. "Keep on pumping, my lads."

As he spoke he signalled with the cord, and Rasp faced round, to be seen to squat down directly as he drew his knife.

The scene below was very vivid, for the sun shone out so brightly that even the rivets in the copper helmet, were visible, and, but for a word or two of warning, those whose duty it was to attend to life-line and pump would have stopped short, to try and catch a glance at what was going on below.

Dutch's stern voice brought them back to their duty, and the pump clanked, and those who held the life-line stood ready for a run forward, to drag Rasp up if there was any need.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Parkley, eagerly, "he is not ready for the monster, and it is sailing round him. I dare not send down a cartridge, as the brute will not be the only sufferer. Look, look, for heaven's sake! It has seized him."

Plainly enough to be seen, as Mr. Parkley spoke, the shark gave its tail a wave, turned over so that its white breast was like a flash of light in the water, and opening its large jaws, it seemed to seize the diver.

At the same moment there was a tug at the signal cord, and a sharp tug at the life-line; for Dutch gave the word, and Rasp was dragged rapidly to the surface, the shark following, and making a fresh snap at him as he was hoisted on deck.

The second snap divided the tube, which the monster caught across his jaws, but no sooner was Rasp in safety than Mr. Parkley threw one of his cartridges at the shark, where it swam now round and round, with only its back fin above the water.

In an instant the creature turned on one side, and the white cartridge was seen to disappear. Then followed a touch of the wire against the hissing battery, there was a deafening report, and the schooner heaved a little over on one side, and the surface of the placid sea was covered with bloodstained fragments, which were seized and borne off by a shoal of silvery-looking fish, which seemed attracted to the spot in thousands.

"What did you pull me up for?" roared Rasp, as soon as he was relieved of his helmet.

"To save your life," was the reply.

"It's shabby, that's what it is," said Rasp, angrily. "No one interfered with you, Mr. Dutch, when you had your turn."

"But you signalled to be pulled up," he said.

"That I didn't," growled the old fellow. "It was that brute bit at my helmet. Has he made any marks?"

"Yes," said Mr. Parkley, lifting up the bright copper head-piece, and examining the couple of curves of sharply defined scratches which had been made by the monster's teeth.

"Then you should have left me alone," growled Rasp. "I should have killed that chap if I could have got my knife out of the sheath."

"And could you not?" said Dutch.

"No. It's a sticking fast in the sheath there, and—Who's took it out?" he growled, feeling his side. "Why, I must ha' dropped it."

The bright blade could be seen lying below, and Rasp stood grumbling and wondering how it could have happened, ending with whispering to Dutch.

"I aint afeard on the beggars, but don't let out, as I was took aback, I worn't ready, you know—that's how it was."

Dutch nodded assent, and the subject dropped; for Rasp pulled a couple of large and two small lumps of shelly matter from his pocket, the weight of which instantly told Mr. Parkley that they were ingots in the same condition as the first.

There was no doubt now about the treasure having been found, and the question discussed was whether it would be better to try and get rid of the sand by blasting, or try the slower and more laborious plan of digging it away.

This last was decided on, especially as by blasting away the sand the silver ingots, to a great extent, might be cast away with the covering. Besides which, the position of the schooner was so satisfactory that the captain was averse to its being moved, and wished, if possible, to retain it where it was. Tackle was rigged up, then, with iron buckets attached to ropes, and the afternoon was spent by Dutch and Rasp in turn in filling the buckets, which were drawn up by the sailors, and emptied beyond the ribs of the old galleon.

The filling of the buckets resulted in the discovery of many ingots, which were placed aside; and at last, after several descents, a portion of the treasure was reached, and, instead of sending up sand, the buckets were filled with silver and the rough shelly concrete, though every ingot, as they worked lower, was more free from the adhesion, till the lower ones were almost literally blackened silver covered with sand.

Worn out with fatigue, the task was at last set aside for the day, and, in honor of their great success, Pollo's best endeavors had been called into question to prepare what was quite a banquet, during which Mr. Parkley was congratulated by his friends in turn, and afterwards, when seated, in the comparative cool of the evening, the question was discussed as to there being any risk attending their proceedings.

"I don't suppose we are right from some points of view," said Mr. Parkley, gaily. "But let's secure the treasure, and we'll talk about that afterwards. We shall give you a rich cargo, Studwick."

"I hope so," was the reply; "but you'll have to go on for many days at this rate before I am overloaded."

"Wait a bit—eh, Dutch Pugh? I think we shall astonish him yet. Come, a glass of champagne, man. You are low, with your accident. What are you dreaming about?"

"I was wondering," said Dutch, quietly, "whether you ought not to take more precautions."

"What about? Indians ashore?"

"No; sailors afloat."

"Quite right," said the captain.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Dutch, "that we must not excite the cupidity of these men by letting them see too much of the treasure, or mischief may follow. There are several fellows here whose looks I don't like," said Dutch.

"Don't invent bu gbears, Pugh," said Mr, Parkley, gaily. "We can take care of what we find, for we have plenty of arms; and I doubt very much whether the men would risk their necks by entering into anything in the shape of mutiny. What do you say to that, eh, Studwick? Am I not right?"

"I don't know what to say," replied the captain. "I must confess now that I had my misgivings about some of the men at the commencement of the voyage; and though I have nothing to make me suspicious, the fact of having a large freight of silver on board with such a crew as we have does not make me tend to feel quite at ease."

"But you have not your large freight of silver on board yet," said the doctor, smiling.

"No, by Jove," exclaimed Mr. Studwick: "but if they go on piling up the ingots at the rate they have been this afternoon, we shall soon have a temptation strong enough to incite a set of scoundrels to cut all our throats."

Dutch started and shuddered.

"Come, come, gentlemen," cried Mr. Parkley, "suppose we stop all this dismal quaking. Here we have so far succeeded in our quest, and the trip bids fair to be all that can be desired, whereupon you set to inventing troubles. Come, I'll give you a toast. Here's 'Home, sweet home!'"

"Home, sweet home!" said the others in chorus, as they drained their glasses, saving Dutch, who sat moodily thinking. For these words had recalled happy days that were past. There was no happy home for him; and it seemed as if a wandering life would be the happiest that he could now look forward to in the future.

At last, being weary of their exertions, the watch was set, and they went below, the doctor sternly forbidding any one from lying down to sleep on the deck, a most tempting place in the heat; and no sooner had the captain taken a look round than a couple of dark figures crept stealthily from under the tarpaulin that covered a boat, and were joined by another, who cautiously came forward to join them from the forecastle hatch, the three getting together under the dark shadow of the bulwarks, where earnest conversation was carried on in a whisper.

About half an hour later another dark figure crept out upon the deck, and stood listening for a few moments, before going down on hands and knees, and then apparently flat on the deck, to worm its way towards where a faint light shone up from the cabin, and gaze cautiously down through the skylight as far as it could for the wire protection spread over the glass.

Apparently satisfied, the figure crept forward again, and made for the hatch leading down to the naturalist, Rasp, and where Sam Oakum also turned in.

Now, it so happened that the latter gentleman was enjoying a strange nightmare, in which it seemed to him that Rasp had, out of spite, forced him into one of the diving suits, made him go to the bottom of the sea, and had then suddenly cut off the supply of air. He fought, he struggled, he grunted, he made every effort he could to breathe, but all in vain: and in the horror of a suffocating sensation he awoke, to find that a hand was pressed heavily upon his mouth, while another seemed busy at his breast.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POLLO'S REPORT.

OAKUM was not a man to shout for help, but to act, and act he did on the instant, by turning sharply round, and seizing his assailant by the throat. He lowered his hands, though, in a moment, for a thick voice whispered—

"Don't make 'tupid bobbery, Mass' Sam Oakum, sah, or you wake de oder gentlemen."

"What's up, Pollo?" said Oakum, in the same low tone; for he was awake now to the fact that something was wrong. Injun?"

"No, sah, I tink not: but you come out here, sah, where de oder gentlemen not hear, and I tell you."

Oakum squabbled with Pollo every day, but they were very old shipmates, and the rough sailor had the most abundant confidence in the black; so he drew on his trousers, and cautiously followed him to the foot of the steps, where Pollo sat down, and Oakum knelt by his side.

"Now, then, what's up?" growled Oakum.

"I tell you, sah, reckly; but first must 'fess somefin to you."

"Go ahead, then, my hearty," was the reply.

"Well, sah, while I busy all de mornin' in my galley, I see the beauful lump of silber brought up ober and ober again, and I see Mass' Jone and noder sailor busy knock off de shell and tuff, and frow him all of a heap."

"Yes, and there it lies now on deck," said Sam, "instead of being shied overboard. What o' that?"

"Well, sah, no able to sleep 'cause of dat; and so I get out of my hammock and creep all soft like on deck."

"What, did you get some of the bits o' shell in your blanket?"

"No, sah, no," chuckled Pollo. "You know me, Mass' Sam Oakum, sah—we berry old friend, and go froo heap ob trouble togedder."

"Well, yes, Pollo, old man, we have had a hardship or two; but what o' that?"

"Why, sah, I 'fess everything to you, sah, and tell you all."

"Heave ahead, then."

"Well, sah, I no tink it berry wrong, sah, 'cause there such a debble ob a lot ob silber; but while I watch Mass' Jone and de sailor chip, chip, chip at de shell to knock 'em off, I see dem knock little bit ob silber too some time, and one time dey fro lump of shell down. I quite sure got big piece silber inside."

"And you've been up on deck to get hold of it, eh?"

"Yes, Mass' Oakum, sah, dat's him."

"Hand over, and let's feel the weight on it, Pollo, old man; only you needn't do that, my lad. We found the spot for the govnors, and they'll come down handsome."

"Yes, Mass' Oakum, sah; but I think it great pity waste anyting, even bit ob fat; so no like see bit ob silber fro overboard."

"Where's the stuff, Pollo?"

"I no got um, sah, dat's why I came to ask you."

"But is it so heavy as all that, Pollo?"

"No, sah, you no understand. I came on deck to find de silber, and I find somethings else."

"What's that?" said Oakum, sleepily.

"I find piece ob de crew, sah, all sit togedder in a corner, hatchin' mutiny."

"What?" exclaimed Oakum, whom these words galvanized into a waking state.

"Hatch de mutiny, sah."

"I've good as expected as much," exclaimed Oakum, giving his leg a slap. "Heave out, and let's rouse the skipper. The beggars mean treachery."

"We better go softly then, Mass' Oakum, sah, or we get knife in de ribs."

"Right, Pollo," said Oakum, "let's investigate first and see."

Creeping softly up the ladder, he just raised his head above the combings of the hatchway, and peered cautiously round, but seeing nothing, he drew himself the whole way out, and lay down on deck, Pollo following him on the instant.

"Well," whispered Oakum, "what's their bearings?"

Pollo, for answer, crawled away into the darkness, and returned at the end of a couple of minutes, to announce that they were all gone

"Look here, Master Pollo," growled Oakum, in a whisper, "if you've woke me out of a fine sleep to humbug me, you and I will have a row."

"I quite suah, sah, dat free sailor fellow set under de deck, sah, hatch mutiny."

"Come and have a look round," said the old fellow; and together they went softly to the man who had the watch forward, to find that he had heard nothing, though a sharper investigator than Oakum would have come to the conclusion that the fellow had been fast asleep.

A similar result followed the journey aft, when, with a growl, Oakum walked straight back to the hatchway, where he turned round.

"Lookye here, Pollo, old man, you get to your hammock and have a good night's rest, or you'll be rolling into the fire fast asleep to-morrow, and burning those beautul curls of yourn. And lookye here, too, my lad, you leave that there silver rubbish alone, and trust to what the skipper and the govners give you for reward. Good night."

"Dah!" cried Pollo, sulkily, "I don't care who come and take de ship now. I no say word about more. Only get laugh at." And muttering volubly to himself, he crept back to his hammock, and the next minute he was lying fast asleep with his mouth open.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Francois Grillon, a rich French farmer, quarreled with his son-in-law, and set his mill on fire. He then went home and burned his own house, and as the flames devoured it kept the neighbors at bay with a double barrelled shot-gun. He then proceeded to throw a large sum of money in gold and notes into the blazing ruins, and finally blew his brains out in the presence of the horrified crowd.

BETTER.

Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are prompt and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Jonah Hunt.

KATE LEIGH a handsome girl of nineteen was talking with her aunt, Miss Dorothy Leigh, a vinegar-faced virgin of sixty. The manner of the latter was as sour as the former was sweet.

"Now, child," the acid lady was saying, "I want you to tell me if you know what day to morrow will be?"

"Do you mean St. Valentine's, aunt?" asked Kate innocently, "why, of course I do"

"Yes, of course you do!" almost shrieked the old lady. "And I'll be bound your silly little head has been running the last fortnight on the Valentines you expect to receive to-morrow; and it is exactly on that very subject I wish to have a few words with you:

"I consider it my duty to forbid your taking in any Valentines the postman may bring, as I should not at all like it to be reported in the town that I encouraged such folly; for of course they would never believe they could be intended for such a child as you."

"Child! aunt," protested Kate, indignantly; "why, I was nineteen last birthday!"

"And what is that but a child, Miss Impudence! When I was a girl, young ladies of that age were pinafores, and were always either in the nursery or at school."

"Well," said Kate, "I am very glad I did not live in the last century, then!"

"The last century!" screamed Miss Dorothy Leigh. "Leave my presence instantly, you impertinent chit, and remember what I have told you about the Valentines. If you take even one in, I will shut you up in your room for a fortnight."

About an hour after this misunderstanding between the aunt and niece a ring was heard at the bell of Miss Dorothy Leigh's pretty-looking villa, and Ann, the housemaid, entered the room to announce "Mr. Agricola Birtwhistle."

Mr. Agricola Birtwhistle, it must be understood, was a particular favorite of Miss Dorothy's; for that individual having designs matrimonial upon Kate Leigh, thought it politic to throw out a succession of sops to old Cerberus, and was therefore most attentive to Miss Dorothy on all occasions.

After mutual inquiries concerning each others welfare, the young man ventured to ask about her neice. Miss Dorothy, seeing how the land lay, accordingly requested that damsel's presence in the drawing room.

While Ann was despatched on this errand turning to Mr. Agricola, she said, "You have no idea, Mr. Agricola, what a sweet girl my niece Kate Leigh is. Such an excellent housekeeper, too, although so very young!"

"Ah, yes!" sighed he, "I always thought Miss Kate would make a good wife; but, oh! Miss Leigh, do you think Miss Kate—"

"Good morning, Mr. Agricola! May I ask if the Miss Kate, whose name you were taking in vain as I entered the room, refers to my humble self or some other happy possessor of that euphonious appellation?" and with these words the saucy girl turned the full blaze of her most fascinating smile, upon the bashful young man.

Miss Dorothy, like the good general that she was, seeing the discomfiture of her ally, came gallantly to the rescue by saying to Kate, with a frown which she took good care he should not see, "Be quiet, you chatterbox, with your dictionary words; Mr. Agricola was only remarking, that instead of shutting yourself up in your room, you ought to be out sliding on the pond this bright day. He is kind enough, too, to offer to accompany you in your walk, so I should advise your going to put on your things at once.

"Yes, Miss Kate, those were just my words," said Mr. Agricola, with a deep sigh of relief, and in a brighter tone than he had been known to assume for years.

"Both you and Mr. Birtwhistle are very kind, aunt, and I am duly grateful," replied Kate; "but I have already made an appointment to go for a walk with Miriam Hunt, and lo and behold ('talk of an angel and you see its wings,' as our neighbors across the Channel say) here comes Miriam up the gravel walk, and I will go and open the door to her."

Now be it known the brother of Miss Miriam, Mr. Jonah Hunt, the doctor, was suspected of having given his entire heart to Kate, receiving in return therefore a considerable share of her own. As yet, however, he had not dared speak out and learn his fate.

Miss Dorothy bit her lip with suppressed annoyance, whilst poor Agricola, seeing the long coveted prize when so nearly within his grasp snatched so rudely away from him, relapsed into a state of semi-syncope, from which he was only aroused by the following conversation between the two girls.

"I suppose so popular a young lady as yourself, Kate, will receive no end of Valentines to-morrow! If I see the postman this evening I shall advise him to deliver his letters here before anywhere else, in order that he may not have to carry so heavy a load such a distance."

"I am sure I hope no one will take the trouble to send me any, Miriam, for Aunt Dorothy has forbidden me to take them in, being afraid the Melton folks will think they are sent to her from the Reverend Jeremiah Shufflebottom——"

"Kate!" screamed Miss Dorothy, "how dare you——"

But Kate had disappeared, not caring to witness the volcanic eruption she had invoked.

Mr. Agricola having been for once in his life seized by a bright idea, was so delighted thereat, and so anxious to put it into execution, that he now rose to go, leaving to Miss Hunt the task of soothing the old lady's injured feelings.

Soon after his departure Kate's voice was heard at the door, calling Miriam; she, herself, however, prudently remaining in the passage, for fear of accidents, and the two young girls sallied out for their walk.

Mr. Agricola's bright idea was by securing an envelope from the neighboring barracks with the impression "On Her Majesty's Service," to take advantage of St. Valentine's day to make the declaration of his love to Kate Leigh in writing, which he dared not do *in propria persona*. Of course he should sign his effusion "Valentine" which would, he thought, create a little romantic mystery, and would, he hoped, go a great way towards the success of his suit. But then how to arrange about the answer, whether she would accept him for her Valentine or not? There was the difficulty! Kate was, he knew, going with the Hunts to a ball given by the officers of the Barrison on St. Valentine's night, and as he had also received a ticket, he thought how very delightful it would be to be the acknowledged cavalier and future husband of the belle of the evening. But how to bring about this happy state of things?

After having puffed away vigorously for ten minutes at his pipe, he dashed it suddenly on to the table at the great risk of breaking it to infinitesimal atoms, and exclaimed rapturously, "I have it! I have it! I will ask her to dance the first dance with me to-morrow night, and to drop the formal Mr. Birtwhistle, and call me by my Christian name. Would not Agricola sound sweet out of her pretty little mouth? But supposing her saying it should give me such a turn that I should become faint, what could I do! Ah! I have it again! I will take that silver vinaigrette that is in the plate chest, and get Mr. Chemiston to fill it with aromatic vinegar, and then that would do for both of us. But now to begin my letter."

It was at length finished and he left the house, to wend his way, first to the Post-office, and then to the chemist's.

The next morning Kate was awakened suddenly by the postman's unmistakable rat tat; and a few minutes after Ann entered the room, holding in her hand an official looking letter, addressed to Miss Katherine Leigh, "On Her Majesty's service." Kate got considerably frightened, as her only brother Percy was in the army, and she naturally feared the letter contained some bad news of him. Opening it hastily, however, she was soon reassured by the commencement of "Sweetest Miss Kate Leigh!" when the truth, or part of it, rather, flashed upon her, and she laughed heartily at Jonah's (as she thought) cleverness in thus permitting her to elude her aunt's prohibition against taking in any valentines. "No doubt," she murmured, "Mira told him of it." She then eagerly devoured its contents, which it is needless to say, made her most happy, and the light-hearted young girl jumped out of bed, and began her dressing operations with the greatest alacrity.

The rest of the day passed of without event until at evening, when she went to a ball.

The Hunts, Miriam, Jonah and their mother having according to agreement, come fetch her to the ball, hastily bidding her aunt good night, Kate joined the trio, and was rapidly whirled away to the Assembly Rooms.

Jonah, who had during the drive been evidently trying to screw up his courage to say something, now, just as they were arriving at the doors said, "Miss Leigh would you honor me with the first dance?"

At this momentous question Kate turned first red and then white, and stammered out "With pleasure"—words very simple, but for the letter received that morning.

As they descended from the carriage, Jonah, at Mrs. Hunt's command, offering his arm to Kate, whose little heart was fluttering like a frightened bird against its cage, a man made his way up to Jonah, telling him that old Mrs. Lane had just had a fit, and her husband hoped Mr. Hunt would go to her without delay.

This was undoubtedly most provoking; but as Jonah's motto was "Duty before Pleasure," he heaved an extensive sigh, and telling his mother and sister he would be back as soon as possible, and making Kate promise to reserve the first dance and a quadrille after his return for him, he followed the man to Mrs. Lane's cottage.

Mrs. Hunt and the two young girls, meanwhile, proceeded upstairs to the ball-room, at the door of which they were met by Captain Soames, who was suspected of having designs matrimonial upon the gentle Miriam, and Mr. Agricola Birtwhistle. The former solicited Miriam's hand for the coming dance; and the latter, armed with his invincible vinaigrette, that of Kate.

When Kate accepted Agricola's arm with a faint smile, that prudent young man had cause to congratulate himself upon his foresight in providing himself with the aromatic vinegar; for he did experience quite a turn and was obliged to apply the little silver box rapidly to his nose, under the pretence of wiping that very convenient feature. When, however, after having danced round the room three or four times, and listened in vain for the softly uttered "Agricola," his "turn" became such a complete internal summerset, that he was obliged at the conclusion of the polka to leave the ball room, and go out into the open air.

In the meantime Jonah, having prescribed the necessary specifics for poor Mrs. Lane, returned to the ball, where, seeking out Kate from a group of admirers, he reminded her of her promise to dance with him, and led her off to the top of the room, where Miriam and Captain Soames were already standing, in anticipation of a quadrille.

Kate's very unusual embarrassment instead of causing Jonah pleasure as it had done to Agricola, made him so nervous that he could not utter a word.

She who very naturally supposed that her partner's chaotic state of mind was caused by his anxiety to receive an answer to his letter of the morning, was imbued with so much Christian consideration that rather than see him laughed at for his gaucherie, took an opportunity when the "sides" were engaged in going through their part, to utter in the softest of whispers, so low that none but the acute ear of a lover could have heard it, "Dear Jonah, what ails you?"

On catching these words it seemed for a moment that Jonah stood in strong need of Mr. Agricola Birtwhistle's vinaigrette; but in an instant (seeing his sister's eye anxiously fixed on him) he made a violent effort over himself, and stooping down to Kate, he said, in a tone of unutterable tenderness and gratitude, "Bless you, Miss Leigh, for those blissful words!"

The quadrille being ended, Jonah led the blushing girl into the card-room, which being occupied only by eight elderly people all intent upon their respective rubbers, they could indulge in an uninterrupted conversation.

"Oh, Kate! my Kate now!" exclaimed the young man when they were seated, "how can I ever thank you sufficiently for your angelic goodness in taking pity on my unhappiness! I have loved you so long, little Kate, and to think, too, that I never in my wildest dreams imagined, that you looked upon me with anything but indifference. Your noble frankness, too, dearest, believe me, I shall never forget."

"But what answer did you expect I should give you, Jonah!"

"That was just it, darling," said he; "I felt so sure that you would refuse me, that I never dared ask the momentous question."

"So you constituted St. Valentine your mediator?" said Kate.

"What do you mean, Katie?"

"Fie, Jonah! What! the upright Mr. Hunt, the model Christian and son, turned hypocrite!"

"Kate, what do you mean?"

Taking the valentine out of her pocket, Kate put it into Jonah's hand, saying:

"Now, sir, pretend ignorance if you dare."

Jonah took the letter with an air of such evident mystification that Kate began to have very serious misgivings upon the subject, which was further increased by Jonah's saying:

"This is Mr. Agricola Birtwhistle's handwriting. What can I have to do with that, dear?"

"Oh, Jonah!" said poor Kate, "do you mean to say that you did not write to me this morning to tell me that you loved me, and asking me if I loved you in return, to dance the first dance with you, and call you once by your Christian name?"

"No, my Katie, I never wrote such a letter; and if it is the one you have just put into my hand, it was written by Mr. Birtwhistle. How could you think I should take such a singular plan of telling you I loved you, darling? But I understand it all now, and I am thankful, from the bottom of my heart, that the mistake has arisen. Really, I do not know whether I ought to thank St. Valentine or Mr. Agricola the more for getting me the sweetest wife in 'fair, kirk, or market.'"

It may be unnecessary to mention that the affection so plighted was thereafter conducted in the most understanding and appreciative manner possible, with the natural result of a wedding before the year was ended.

Mr. Birtwhistle found his love for Kate so unconquerable that in his disconsolateness he married her aunt, an event which, whatever its effect, certainly did not, if the gossips were to be believed, vastly increase his domestic happiness.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A STRANGE SECT.—There are in Russia many obscure sects whose rites are on a level with those of the most barbarous savages. The disappearance of sundry children has resulted lately in the discovery of a sect who hold that real blood should take the place of wine at the Lord's Supper and whose agents abducted and killed infants to supply this.

ADULTERATIONS.—With alum in his bread, coloring matter in his butter, sand in his sugar and poison in his liquor, the average man has hard work in getting food and drink that will not make him a skeleton nor kill him. Now comes the adulteration of coffee with date stones, which has been discovered in England. Several tons of "mallotine coffee," a compound of coffee, chicory and date stones, were seized there recently.

THE PRICE OF BREAD.—From the end of the reign of King Henry III. to the commencement of the present century, a simple plan was followed in England to avoid the great fluctuations in the price of bread and obviate the extortion of the baker and miller. The Assize of Bread was set every week by the authorities in every borough and manor. The price of the bread was regulated by the then price of the wheat, a sufficient margin of reasonable profit being left to the baker and miller. Offenders who sold too dear were punished by fine and the pillory.

A POET'S REWARD.—The English poet, Chatterton, recorded in a book which he took with him from Bristol to London, his literary gains, and it stands on record that for nine months' labor in London he received from the booksellers for whom he wrote $24. For the "Consulad," a poem of over 270 lines, he got $2.60 and the owner of a magazine gave him for two contributions 50 cents, and for sixteen songs which he published $2. It is easy to understand how this treatment led up to his committing suicide at eighteen to avoid starvation.

A QUEEN'S READING.—Queen Victoria likes Dickens' novels, one or two of George Eliot's, but chiefly Wilkie Collins' and Mr. Black's—the latter's descriptions of Scotch scenery being very dear to her. The Queen also reads and re-reads Walter Scott's novels. On the whole though, she inclines rather towards the serious reading of history and theology, and the libraries at all her palaces are richly stocked with books of chronicles and memoirs, though it has been noticed that she never calls for a French book, having a deep objection to French literature in all its branches.

A QUICK CASE OF LOCKJAW.—At Pittsburg, a young man named Grant, had his foot injured by a piece of iron falling upon it in a rolling mill where he worked. Not much notice was taken of it, but a few evenings afterward, as he was sitting in the house playing a violin, he suddenly remarked that he felt his jaws were closing, and asked his mother to get a poker and place it in his mouth in order to keep them open. His mother was about to put her finger in his mouth to open it when the young man prevented her, and in an hour or so afterward expired.

THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.—The navies of the world in 1878 are stated to have been of the following proportions:—France possessed 120 ships on active service, including 13 iron clads and a reserve of 82 ships, including 29 iron clads; England has 202 ships on active service, of which 21 were iron-clads, and a reserve of 151 ships, including 26 iron clads; Germany had in all 88 ships, including 16 iron-clads; Russia, 260 ships, most of them being of small dimensions and of the old model, including 29 iron-clads; Austria 61 ships, including 13 iron-clads; Italy, 66 (15 iron clads); Turkey 103 (22 iron clads); Spain 137 (8 iron-clads); Greece 15 (2 iron clads); Denmark 33 (6 iron clads); Holland 102 (19 iron-clads); Portugal 30, only one of which is an iron-clad; Sweden and Norway 69, of which 18 are iron-clads; the United States 142, of which 21 are iron-clads; Brazil 65 (19 iron-clads); Peru 18 (6 iron-clads); Chili 13 (2 iron-clads); and the Argentine Republic 21 of which 2 are iron clads.

THE HINDOO THEOGONY.—The Hindoos call the whole of their four ages a divine age; a thousand divine ages form a calpa, or one of Brahma's days, who during that period successively invested fourteen menus or holy spirits, with the sovereignty of the earth. The menu transmits his empire to his posterity for seventy-one divine ages, and this period is called manawantara, and as fourteen manawantara make but 994 divine ages, there remain six which are the twilight of Brahma's day. Thirty of these days form his month, twelve of these months one of his years, and 100 of these years the duration of his existence. The Hindoos assert that fifty of these years have already elapsed, so that we are in the first day of the first month of the fifty-first year of Brahma's age, and in the twenty eighth divine age of the seventh manawantara. The first three human ages of this age and 5,000 years of the fourth are past. The Hindoos, therefore, calculate that it is 131,400,007,205,000 years since the birth of Brahma, or the beginning of the world.

A BROKEN STRING.

Sing, and to you! No—no—with one note jarred
The harmony of Life's long chord is broken,
Your words were light and by light lips were spoken,
And yet the music that you loved is marred.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your hand,
Strike and it vibrates and throbs at your will,
Falters upon the verge of sound, and still
Falls back as sea waves shattered on the strand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain
The sweet lost tone. Take what is left, or let,
Life's music sleep to Death. Let us forget
The perfect melody we seek in vain—

And yet perchance, some day before we die,
As half in dreams we hear the night wind sweep
Around our windows, when we fain would sleep,
Laden with one long sobbing moaning cry,

One faint, far tone will waken, and will rise
Above the great wave voice of mortal pain;
Hand will touch hand and lips touch lips again,
As in the darkness it recedes and dies:—

Or lingering in the Summer evening glow,
Then, when the passion of the crimson west
Burning like some great heart that cannot rest,
Stains as with blood the waters as they flow,

Some old forgotten tones may rise and wake
Our dying youth and set our hearts aflame
With their old sweetness—to our lips the name
Of Love steal softly, for the old Love's sake.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XLII—[CONTINUED.]

"Do not cry, Lydia," said Alfred. "I will come again. I will, indeed, Lydia The beautiful lady, who seemed so good, will bring me to Crehylls if I ask her."

"Come back with me!" cried Lydia. and I'll beg papa not to give you to Mr. Whalley."

"Will he listen to you, Lydia?" asked Alfred in that patient voice of his. "Can you promise he will listen?"

Lydia was silent, then Alfred kissed her and wiped away her tears.

"You see dear, I must go," he said. "If that bad man took me back to his cruel house I should grow up wicked and untaught. I will not do that. I am right in running away. Do not be afraid, Lydia; God will take care of me."

"I will not cry any more, answered Lydia, still clinging to his hand; "I will go with you."

"No, that cannot be," he said. "If you say that, I'll stop here, and let Mr. Whalley kill me. You would be wicked to run away, but I am not."

Lydia thought over this question a moment, and seemed to see its justice, for her clasp upon his hand was slowly, slowly relinquished, and she stepped back a pace, leaving a strip of turf between them, which was soon to grow into miles and miles of sea and land.

"You will come back?" she said, in a sobbing voice, with her hands stretched out towards him. "Alfred, you will come back? Mind, it was mamma—my mamma, who is in heaven—who said we were to be always friends."

"I'll come back," he answered. "I'll never forget her words. I have no one in the world to love but you, Lydia. I'll come back soon."

They kissed once more, then parted; and oon the little strip of turf grew to be a long vista in the park; then, as little Alfred looked back for the last time, and waved his hand, the white mists covered him, and he was gone. He seemed to vanish into night and darkness, and Lydia, feeling suddenly alone, fell on the grass and sobbed aloud. Now for the first time she began to be alarmed, not for herself, but for the small, brave, forlorn figure, which had wandered away lonely into the outer world and darkness.

Lydia wept a long while—grief for her dead mother mingling strangely with her grief at this parting. One reflection alone had joy and triumph in it; they had foiled Mr. Whalley, and that cruel, wicked ogre was gone away baffled and raging. Another idea—the first which would have entered the saddened mind of experience—never came to these children at all. They never questioned Lady Crehylls' sincerity, never wondered whether her proffer of friendship was but a vague, momentary, worthless impulse, or a true and thoughtful pledge. In perfect faith and trust they believed her, and took her literally at her word. And in this simple faith Alfred was gone forth on his lonely journey to walk to Penkivel. In the same childish spirit of belief Lydia thought of his reception there, and began to feel comforted.

Creeping home at last between the trees, her little white figure startled the deer, and frightened many a hare and rabbit that ran across her feet. She got to the library unquestioned, and put her tiny chill hand within her father's; then, leaning her face upon it, she cried herself to sleep.

* * * * *

Afraid to follow the road, lest he should meet there the dreadful spectre of Mr. Whalley, Alfred chose a footpath which struck across some fields. The mists, which had rolled along beneath the great trees of the park, lay upon the meadows only like faint clouds, and overhead the moon and the summer stars shone clearly. The sky had no darkness in it, for the light of lingering day still streaked the west in fleecy bars, while stars and moon seemed to look down through a thin gray veil upon the dewy earth.

Flinging off the grief and sense of loneliness which clung cold about his childish heart, he resolutely set himself to the task to walk that night as far as his strength would let him. He knew that it would be wise to put as great a distance as possible between himself and Crehylls, for if Mr. Whalley looked for him, he would search round about the castle.

As he sat alone in his hiding place, the boy had thought out all his plans. He would walk a long, long way, then seek for shelter at some poor cottage, and lie upon some rug or settle, or any place where they would let him sleep. In the morning he would rise up early, and, going on a little way, he would hide in the woods, as he had done on leaving the school, and sleep through the heat of the day, and walk again at evening, when few people were on the road to see him; and wherever there was a footpath, he would choose that rather than the highway. Bread and milk he could get at the cottages, and water from the brooks; and perhaps when he had gone a day's journey or so, it would be safe to ask some kindly farmer to give him a lift in his cart. Thus he thought to reach Penkivel in three or four days, at most; and that he should find there a sure haven he never doubted.

But the poor boy had not taken into his reckoning his own great weariness and weakness. The ease, luxury, and peace at Crehylls had lulled his mind; but the rest had not been long enough to recruit his body; so as he went patiently on through the hours of the night, each weary mile seemed longer, and at length his weary limbs would obey his will no longer. Then he thought he would rest at the first cottage, and seek a sleeping place in some shed or barn; but, looking all around him through the clear night, he perceived nowhere a friendly roof. The footpath had now brought him to a wood, whose leafy slopes ran down to the edge of a small rapid river, dashing by with a pleasant murmur, which the still night brought distinctly to his ear. It was evident that until he had crossed this wood he could not hope to find either farm or cottage. The path ran on beneath the trees, with here and there a break in the thick foliage, through which glistened the shining river in its noisy course.

The child could scarcely trail his weary limbs when he crossed the style and entered the narrow footway winding along beneath the thick green foliage. Here the light scarcely penetrated, and the horrors of darkness came upon him, adding anxiety and terror to his fatigue. If he should fall into some lurking pit or shaft, who would rescue him? He would lie there within that darkness, and die lingeringly, unsuccored. Or if he stepped on a sleeping adder, who would save him? If he shrieked his very soul away, the poison working in his veins the while, no creature would come to him here in this lonely spot, except, perhaps, the dreadful Whalley, who might be looking for him even now. Thus his overwrought imagination conjured up scenes of terror to torment him, and above all, the idea of being pursued laid hold of his fevered mind with agonizing strength. The cruel Whalley lurked now in every bush, or stood behind each towering tree, or crouched in the weird shadows that sprang upon him at every turn. Then there began to rise in his teeming brain a thousand memories of old stories which he had heard or read, of outlaws hunted by bloodhounds, or of captive kings and princesses escaping from their foes, and these surely had saved themselves by water. They had forded streams, or wading, followed the course of rivers, till their baffled pursuers had given up the chase.

Down among the trees the white river glistened and beckoned, calling to him with a rush and roar of waters to come hither and find safety; and as he stood irresolute, there sounded through the air the sharp, angry cry of a solitary hound. This decided him. It was not imagination now; it was a real pursuit from which he was escaping, and his phantom fears fled at the thought, bringing a feverish energy in their stead. In this fear, for a time, his weakness vanished, and turning from the path he ran with a frantic strength through the thick bracken, through the prickly furze and the interlaced undergrowth of the deep wood, till on the bank of the river he paused exhausted. Again there rose up into the night that solitary cry of the angry hound, and in the agony of feeling himself pursued he rushed into the stream. Then it caught him in its strong current, and whirled him onwards.

In his weakness the child's little fragile body was like a leaf upon the waters; still, the river was not deep, and in a moment he caught at a rock dividing the stream, and stood there safe, but breathless. The bundle tied upon his arm was secure still, and it had saved him from a heavy bruise, as the eddy flung him against the rock. Yet he was terribly exhausted, and with fainting eyes he looked around for succor. Then upon the green river bank, with the moon shining down upon it, he saw a white cross glistening like silver. At first he fancied it was a vision sent from heaven, and he believed that he was dying; but as his heart beat high, and his gaze became intently fixed upon it, he saw the cross was cut deeply in the turf, and its shining whiteness was due to the gravel or rock beneath the soil, on which the moonlight fell with a silvery, trembling glitter. Still, it seemed a miracle, and he was surely going to die. What could this exhaustion, this faintness, be but his death? Well, if he could only reach the cross and die there, he would be happy.

Every instant his feeble hold upon the rock grew weaker, and soon his trembling fingers must relax their grasp, and he would be thrown back into the waters, and carried down into their depths. Better strive to reach the shore, while there was still some measure of strength left in him, than die here, drowned. Exerting all his strength and courage, he climbed to the top of the rock, and found the water shallower on the other side; so, wading as he went, and resting here and there upon the great brown stones, round which the eddies ran, he reached the shore, and fell upon the turf. The effort was over, and, in the faintness of his exhaustion, the thought that he was dying grew stronger upon his brain. But rising again to his knees, he crept towards the cross, laid his hand upon it, and fell forward with closed eyes, and senses shut up in darkness.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MORNING was breaking dimly when a shower of pebbles at the window roused Grace Chagwynne from her slumbers.

"What's to do now, I wonder?" she said to herself, as rising, she hurriedly threw on her gown and went to the latticed casement.

The men stood below, with the gray light falling coldly on their upturned faces. At sight of them she grew pale, and waving her hand, as though to bid them be silent, she went back softly and looked upon her sleeping husband.

"Let him sleep on," she said to herself; "he'll know the grief soon enough." Then she stole down stairs and opened the door with a shaking hand.

"Mother," said the foremost of the two men, "here I be again. Where's your welcome?"

"Many's the time you've worn out your welcome, Martin," returned Grace Chagwynne. "But come in both of 'ee, if so be you haven't nauthin with 'ee that would ruin the house that gives 'ee shelter."

"Never fear, mother," returned Martin; "there isn't an anker ashore, and won't be while the nights are like this."

The young man moved aside as he spoke, and Mrs. Chagwynne, for the first time, perceived his companion plainly.

"What have 'ee got en your arms, Michael Polgrain!" she cried sharply. "Thee hasn't drowned a child, surely?"

"Hould thee tongue, mother," returned Martin. "The child es auly in a deadness."

"I tell 'ee wet as a shag! He's been drawed out of the watur!" cried Grace.

"But it was no human hand that put him in," said the man she had called Michael Polgrain. "The boy have been en Dodman's Hole, and as I am a living sinner, we found 'un stretched upon the cross where Matthew Carbis's body was found washed ashore.

Grace drew back with a low cry, but her son pulled her forward again.

"Take the cheeld from 'un, mother," he said, "and get his wet things off, else he'll die sure enough and then may be we shall get into trouble about 'un."

Thus adjured Mrs. Chagwynne beckoned to the man to enter, and he then removed his coat, which he had wrapped around the boy, and laid him down on the settle on the hearth.

"As sure as I'm alive," said Grace, leaning over him, "thic's the cheeld as axed me the way to Crehylls larst market day was a week."

"Crehylls!" cried Michael Polgrain. "Yes, and he've got the Crehylls-mark upon his face. I'm a doomed man from this day."

"Thee'st been doomed a long while, Michael," said Grace, drily, glancing at his ashen cheeks a moment, as she continued to divest the child of his garments. Martin, this while, had fetched turf and furze, and a great bright fire soon blazed out upon the hearth.

Hearing all they said as if in a dream, and yet too exhausted to move or speak, little Alfred Singleton lay with closed eyes, so white and quiet that it was no wonder the men still thought him in a faint or deadness as they called it; and truly he could not tell himself when he at last heard their voices no more, as he dropped off gradually into a deep sleep. When he awoke he found himself wrapped in blankets, lying on pillows by the fire. All was perfectly still. The little casement was wide open, and without the birds sang and the sun shone brightly, the leaves waved to and fro, the shadows danced; and on the long sunbeams, which came glistening even to the very hearth, there wheeled and whirled a crowd of shining gnats, which seemed to bring upon their wings the fragrance of June roses. On the hearth the kettle sang, the furze crackled, the burning turf glowed like clearest amber; and all these sights and sounds brought with them a sense of rest and comfort, which wrapped the child within an atmosphere of peace. Suddenly Grace came bustling to his side.

"Drink this, cheeld-vean," she said. "'Tis harb tea. It has done thee a world of good already."

Alfred drank it, and fell sound asleep again.

* * * * *

"Carbis, I tell 'ee—Mathew Carbis—him that was murdered!"

These were the words that woke little Alfred; starting up he saw it was night, and four people sat round the fire. These were Grace, the old farmer her husband; Martin, her son; and the man they called Michael Polgrain. It was upon this man that Alfred fixed his eyes, half in wonder, half in fear. His face was a ghastly white—the color of a dead man's; and over all his aspect there was the same indescribable want of light and life, giving to his face and figure a blighted, deathly look past words to tell. It was he who was the speaker.

"Mathew Carbis, I say," he repeated; and his shaking hand put his untasted glass upon the table, while his hollow eyes passed steadily from one face to the other of his hearers.

"Well," returned Farmer Chagwynne, "I don't say that sich things can't be."

"Cheer up man!" cried young Martin, slapping Polgrain on the shoulder. "The sun was in thee eyes, mon, when thee must need'st take a bush for a bucha (ghost.)"

"The sun in my eyes!" returned Michael. "I tell 'ee I haven't seen the blessed sun these twenty years. No sunlight will ever daze my eyes again while I do live."

Slowly he bent his head forward till his dead white face fell upon his hands, and as he rested thus there was a deep silence in the room for the space of a full minute. During this while Alfred saw that Grace exchanged glances with her husband and her son, and a strange expression crossed the face of each.

"Drink thee toddy, Michael," said the farmer, in a pitying voice. "Thee'll feel better arter that."

"There's no drink brewed that will better me, farmer," replied the miserable man. "I'm fit lur my desp'rate trade now, and nothing else."

"And a bad traade it is since the war is over," said old Chagwynne. "Martin, sonny, get thee out of it as quick as thee can, afore thee'st ruined body and soul."

The farmer here lifted his glass to his lips, and tasted complacently the genuine Hollands it contained.

"I wonder you arn't ashamed of yourself," remarked Grace, watching him, "I wouldn't titch sich liquor. 'Tis your son's life you are drinking."

"Get out of it, father!" returned Martin. "That's mighty easy to say, but it isn't so easy to do. When a man is once in a traade like this, he can't lev it all to waunce."

"But since it don't pay now, sonny," observed the shrewd old farmer, "simmin to me the traade will lev' thee waun day."

"Then we'll stay till it do," said Michael Polgrain with fierce energy. "'Tis aunly life lur me. Upon the land I should ha' died long ago. I don't miss the sun so much upon the sea. I take the night-watch most always, and I'd bring the craft through shouls and breakers, or any other danger that lies beneath the deep. Upon the land I m a poor creening (complaining) body, groping through the gray light like a dead man coming home to churchyard who has lost his grave."

"Because thee art a whisht man theeself, Michael," observed Chagwynne, "dost think thee hast a right to lead away an aunly son into perdition?"

"Nonsense, mother," "there's no sin in smuggling. What's the harm in rolling a few kegs ashore now and then?"

At this moment Grace's glance fell upon the sick boy, and she saw his eyes wide open, gazing eagerly into the pallid face of Michael Polgrain.

"Hush!" she said; "here's the cheeld awake and sensible. Art hungry, my sonny boy?"

She gave him a basin of Carnish broth, and while he ate it, the men questioned him, and heard all the tale he had to tell.

"So you are tha lad thic oogly fellow in a yallar gig was prating about up a haafeway house?" said Martin.

"Yes, but you won't give me up to him?" pleaded Alfred, in terror.

"Never fear," said Grace; "we won't do that, my son."

"But ef thee starts to walk to Penkivel," said Michael, "schoolmaster will have thee, lad, sure as a gun."

"No he shan't," replied the farmer. "I'll drive 'un down to Penkivel my sun self in the caart."

"Farmer, the boy waient be able to stan' fur a week and more, I tell 'ee," returned Polgrain; "and in that time schoolmaster will have 'un, and thee and thine will be ruined right out."

"What ar 'ee telling of, Michael?" asked Martin.

"I mean," whispered the smuggler, "that the boy has heard all our talk and the best thing we can do is to take 'un for a cruise 'long with us, till the noise about his running away is quiet like. He'll be saafe, and we'll be saafe too, then; and that's all about it."

Seeing them whisper together, and deeming himself the cause, Alfred asked quietly if he could go to bed.

"I can sleep anywhere," he said. "I won't trouble you any more if I can help it."

Michael Polgrain had said truly that the boy could not stand, and they had to carry him to the small low-rooled chamber, where they laid him in a little bed; and still feeling as though the long night walk, the eddying river, the shining cross, the strange talk that he had heard, and that pale man with the death white face, were all a dream from which he should awake when better, little Alfred slept again in the deep leep of painless exhaustion.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE respectability of Mr. Whalley's house and of Mr. Whalley's school was a fact too patent to be treated with a doubt. It might be true that he was a little severe with his pupils, but then severity was the order of the day. The England of that period was not a country which by any means "spared the rod." It flogged sailors and soldiers to death, it thrashed parish apprentices to the bone, and it beat children with a merciless hand. The public schools were full of cruelty; private establishments followed their example; and in many homes the same senseless system was pursued, under the grim but conscientious idea, that without the rod some poor, weak—perhaps dull—child would grow up into a ruffian. With such notions rampant and triumphant in the land, it was not likely that the pitiful voices of that small minority which protested against Mr. Whalley would weaken the strong citadel of respectability in which he was intrenched. The holidays had been over a week, and day by day the victims came feebly, helplessly to his side, and while he laid his strong hand upon the trembling head, scarcely a boy among them failed to play the hypocrite, propitiating the dragon with a wan smile or little ghostly laugh, ringing in very fact with the faintness of despair. Boys always love a good man and hate a bad one. Men and women may be deceived, but children never. All Mr. Whalley's pupils hated him; and yet what a world of love and reverence every boy's heart holds and how willing he is to pour it out if his master be worthy! But he cannot be taken in; no amount of hypocrisy will deceive, no amount of mere learning will gain his respect. The child's eyes look further—they see the soul; and if this be not the noble gentle, loving soul of a good man, the boy's heart is not won.

Was this the reason that Mr. Whalley never tried to deceive his pupils? Did he know it was useless, and feel that even the smallest boy amongst them read him aright, and knew him to be a scoundrel! However, to all the world besides, the man played his part with unflagging strength of purpose, and succeeded to a strange extent. Perhaps the secret of this was money. He never made a debt; scrupulously punctual in all his payments, scrupulously civil in his dealings with the outer world, ceremonious and unfailing in all the forms of religion, he gradually gained the good opinion of his neighbors and with this for a shield, he found he could do as much as he pleased in his own house.

No one fights ogres now-a-days. Within the grim castle, represented by a modern front door, women and children are still devoured, and no knight-errant goes to their rescue. The law seldom reaches those silent ogres of society; their victims are too helpless or too ignorant to appeal to it, and they themselves are too cunning ever to assail any but the weakest and most defenceless.

As the boys came back to Mr. Whalley's each one glanced wondering around the ugly school room, missing the little, forlorn pale figure which for two years had greeted their return with a wistful smile. Then the first comers whispered to the later arrivals that Alfred Singleton had ran away—and things were to be stricter than ever this half. Iron bars were on the windows, and bed-room doors were to be locked at night. Every heart applauded Alfred's courage, and many a secret scheme of flight was propounded by sinking spirits before the first dismal week of the school was over.

It was at the end of the week that Mr. Rathline, with all his easy swagger, increased by the consciousness of money in his pocket, presented himself at Mr. Whalley's respectable gate, and clattered loudly at the bell.

"Come to see my boy," he said, with a familiar nod to Mr. Whalley, as he was ushered into that gentleman's comfortable parlor.

There was a nervous twitch on the schoolmaster's lips as the servant set a chair for his visitor, but he did not speak till the door was closed.

"Don't you know the child has run away?" he asked.

"I have heard it, but don't believe it," answered Rathline.

"Who do you think would take the trouble to invent such a tale!" demanded Mr. Whalley.

"Anybody who could get something by it," replied Rathline. "I thought at first my fair daughter in-law had invented the story; now I suppose it is yours only."

"It is the truth," said Whalley, with suppressed rage. "It is folly to accuse me of lying in a matter where I could only lose by it."

"You can hardly expect me to believe you without proof," returned Mr. Rathline, looking him in the face. "If you have agreed with Mrs. Singleton to hide the boy from me, you had better give up that plot instantly. I strongly advise you not to offend Richard Rathline."

"There is no such plot in existence," replied Mr. Whalley, in a cringing tone. "I have helped you many a time, Richard. I don't see why you should think I would offend you now.

"Don't call me Richard," said Mr. Rathline, with a look of great disgust. "I can't stand it."

"As you please," resumed Whalley, with a slight shrug of the shoulders; "I only wish to assure you that the boy has simply and truly run away."

His earnest tone appeared to shake Mr. Rathline's doubts, for after indulging himself in a few expletives, he asked what course he had taken to recover the boy.

"I went first to Mrs. Singleton's," said Whalley; "and she sent me down to Castle Crehylls."

"To Crehylls!" repeated Rathline, in amazement. "Has she told——?"

But here he checked himself suddenly, and waited for Mr. Whalley to speak again.

"She only told me and truly enough, that the boy was there," said Whalley. "But he had fled again when I got to the castle, and I—I did not much like remaining in that neighborhood——"

"You thought a certain Nathaniel Strangways might be asked for?" interrupted Rathline sneeringly.

"Whalley's face grew to a livid paleness, and he glanced at the door in ghastly fear.

"Why do you mention that name?" he said, in a hideous whisper. "Do you want to be heard?"

"It is nothing to if it me is," retorted Mr. Rathline with great emphasis on the pronoun.

The easy swagger of Mr. Rathline asserted itself with double strength as he spoke, as though his conscience was a perfect stronghold of virtue in which he rejoiced calmly.

"I don't say it is anything to you," returned the schoolmaster, meekly, "but you might be silent for the sake of others. You have had plenty of money of me, Rich—Mr. Rathline."

With the old disgust marked plainly on his face, Mr. Rathline folded his arms and whistled slightly.

"And very disagreeable money it was," said he. "But I think it was worth your while to pay it; and it was not altogether for the sake of the money. I might have had more elsewhere. I wonder now what Mr Pellew would give me, or the widowed Lady Crehylls?"

"What have I done to offend you that you talk to me like this?" asked Whalley, in a ghastly voice. "I know it was not for the money. It was for our old friendship."

"Be quiet, man!" interrupted Mr. Rathline, pushing his chair still further from his old friend. "Don't speak to me of old friendship; you make my teeth chatter. I can tell you in a very few words why I talk to you like this. It is because I believe you have sold my boy to Lord Crehylls; and I intend, in return, to let him know where to look for a certain hawker, who has been missed for a good while."

"You were always fond of a joke," said Whalley, covering the abject fear upon his face by a ghastly attempt at a smile. "But I know you would not really carry out your threat for the world; and, upon my word, I don't know what you mean by 'selling the boy to Lord Crehylls.' Losing him is a good deal out of my pocket. Your daughter in-law paid well."

"So he does not know the truth," said Rathline to himself. "I thought Madeline had betrayed it, and so permitted this villian to do a virtuous deed,—which I mean to do myself one day. Never mind what I meant," he said aloud. "If it is not true, that is enough. I mean to find the boy, that is all. You can't expect a father to sit still under the loss of an only son;—and a boy worth so much money, too!"

"Has he really a large fortune?" asked Whalley. "Mrs. Singleton would never confess it to me. Of course we must find the lad."

"But you would not like to go into Cornwall again after him yourself?" observed Mr. Rathline. "Well, I can go. Having a clear conscience, I can go presently. As for fortune, I look upon Alfred as worth to me a good many thousands."

Here Mr. Rathline whistled in a reflective manner, then, looking up, he said, suddenly, "Do you know who Mrs. Singleton is, Mr. Whalley?"

"I know she is the great singer, Madame Silvia," he answered.

"I ought to have asked if you knew who she was when she married Tom Singleton?" responded Mr. Rathline, with a curious smile twitching his lips.

"Some actress he picked up abroad, I suppose," said Mr. Whalley.

"No. She was Miss Sherborne,—Walter Sherborne's daughter," replied the easy Mr. Rathline, bringing his legs carelessly to the ground from the chair on which they had been swinging, and peering curiously into the face of his companion.

Had an earthquake rent the solid ground at his feet, Mr. Whalley could not have looked more ghastly. Not all the firmness of his iron will could keep the glare of fear and horror for his light gray eyes, or steady the quivering of his livid lips. He had started from his chair at the first utterance of the word Sherborne, and crouching forward, he stood now, with both hands grasping the table, which lay between him and Mr. Rathline.

"Sherborne's daughter!" he gasped forth unwillingly. "And why, in the name of all the fiends, have you brought me in contact with her?"

Mr. Rathline was too triumphant to take offence at the tone of this question.

"I never did bring you in contact with her," he answered, coolly. "If you had spoken to her face to face, that was your own doing, not mine. When you lost the boy, you should have come to me; you would never have seen her then."

Mr. Whalley sat down again, with beads of sweat standing visibly on his brow.

"I wish I had never taken charge of the accursed imp," he said, gloomily.

Rathline fired at this, and he cried out, angrily, "A pretty charge! You have let a boy run away who is worth thousands to me! And weren't you well paid to take care of him? I ask you that!" he exclaimed, as his swaggering fist came down upon the table with a sounding blow.

Mr. Whalley was cowed instantly; he began to shiver and tremble, calling out, in a whining voice, "Don't be violent, I entreat of you, Mr. Rathline; my house is so respectable," he added, apologetically, "that such a noise as that will astonish the servants."

"Your respectability!" sneered Mr. Rathline, with great disgust; "it's rotten to the core. I don't know why I have saved you from being hanged these twenty years past. It is time the earth was rid of you."

"Hush! For mercy's sake don't speak so loud," whispered Mr. Whalley, in hideous terror. "What's the matter with you, today, Rathline? Haven't I let you have money whenever you wanted it, ever since the day you got me in your power? Didn't I bail you out, when you were in prison, and pay the debt for you afterwards? And all the time I was struggling hard to live. A loose fish like you,—a fellow who never tries to be reputable,—hasn't an idea of the arduous toil and patience it requires to build up a position of respectability like mine."

"What's the good of it?" said Mr. Rathline, with a sneer. "A touch of my finger would bring it down. I should be sorry to have such a shaky building round my ears. As to that old bailing business, which you remember so well, I wonder whether Mr. Pellew would not have done it gladly, and have paid me handsomely besides, if——"

"Say what it is you want, Mr. Rathline," interrupted Whalley, with a piteous whine, "and I'll do it."

"I want you to remember that I have still got a certain knapsack in my possession, belonging to one Nathaniel Strangways, and can procure it at any hour that it may be required," returned Mr. Rathline, telling the lie with a swaggering, careless air.

"Do you suppose I don't remember that?" asked the miserable schoolmaster. "What else is it you want? Speak out. Anything is better than bullying a man."

"Do you call yourself a man?" retorted Mr. Rathline. "You were never either a man or a boy, I believe you were always a devil from the beginning. I should never have been a bad fellow myself but for you."

"Is it worth while for us to keep up this kind of talk," inquired Whalley, in an injured tone. "We have known each other too many years surely, to quarrel over old times. As for the boy, I'm sorry he is lost, and I'll do my utmost to recover him. I can't say more."

This assurance seemed to strike Mr. Rathline as true.

"No, it isn't worth while to talk like this," he said. "Only I require you to understand, that you owe your position and respectability to me, because with a touch I can knock both down. So you are to play me no tricks."

"You know I dare not," returned Whalley.

"Very well," said Rathline. "Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. When you find the boy—as you must—don't inform Madeline Singleton of the fact, but make it known only to me. And when she comes down here to search for him—as she will—you must baffle her."

"I can't see Sherborne's daughter again," replied Whalley, hurriedly; "that's impossible."

"But you must," continued Mr. Rathline. "I know her; she'll never give up her search for that boy, and in prosecuting that search, nothing can hinder her from coming to this house."

Mr. Whalley looked round the room with a nervous glance, and covered his mouth with his hand to hide his shaking lips.

"I wish the boy was dead," he hissed between his teeth. "Why does Sherborne's daughter take such an interest in him!—what is your son to her?"

"He is not my son," said Mr. Rathline, in the coolest manner. "I picked him up out of the sea. Ah! you may well look astonished. There, ring for whiskey and hot water, and I'll tell you the story. My mouth is too dry to talk any more without wetting it."

* * * * * *

Late that night, Mr Rathline, much the worse for whiskey,—literally much the worse, for when intoxicated the little good in him seemed drowned—reeled up stairs, assisted by his host.

"I am sorry to bring you up so high," said Mr. Whalley, upon whom no amount of liquor took an effect; "but the boys and servants sleep into the lower stories."

"Ah," returned Mr. Rathline, with a deep-drawn breath, "you are too cunning not to have a reason to take yourself to the garrets like a rat. What is it?"

Here the pair reached a small landing, with a chamber door to the right and left, and opposite them another door, tall and narrow, evidently abutting in a still steeper flight of stairs than the one just passed. Mr. Rathline laid his hand on this door and tried it.

"Locked!" he said.

"Locked," replied the other. "I keep lumber up there, and things of that kind."

"I shouldn't wonder if you had a coining shop, or some other dreadful wickedness behind that door," returned Mr. Rathline.

And so he staggered to his room, showing to his host as he went, that he had loaded pistols with him; "for fear of burglars," he said, laughing, as he closed his door and locked it.

CHAPTER XLV.

THAT strange man, Michael Polgrain, who seemed a dead man living again a cold gray life, flitted ghost like through Alfred Singleton's dreams, as he lay, weak and fevered, in his bed. It was many days before the boy stood up again, and well-nigh a fortnight ere, like a wan shadow, he crept down stairs. The day was wet and stormy, so he sat patiently by the turf fire, listening to the tick-tick of the tall clock, which joined its monotonous music to the patter of rain on the casement. Here Grace Chagwynne found him as she came bustling in with an apron full of furze and turf.

"Have'ee dressed yourself, my son?" she said, surprised. "But you are fine and weak, sure!"

"Oh no, I am much better. I think I shall be able to go to Penkivel soon," he answered, hopefully.

"No, no," said Grace, an anxious shadow coming down upon her face; "you won't go this while yet. This schoolmaster axed everywhere round if you'd been seen, but no one knowed you was here; so heard nothing. The bad fellow said at the castle you'd robbed him; so I made bould to look in your bundle, and saw there was only a few bits of clothes in it."

"He is a villain!" said Alfred, flushing palely.

"Don't think of him, cheeld-vean," returned Grace. "Tell me about Penkivel. Have you ever been there?"

"Once," said Alfred; "that is when I saw Lady Crehylls. She was standing by her

husband's tomb. I read the words on it, and thought it strange he should die at the same place where I lived once."

"And where was that?" asked Grace.

"Oh a long way off," returned the small traveller; "a beautiful place by the sea, in Italy."

"And who did you live with there?" asked Grace.

"I can't tell," he replied, a bewildered look covering his face at this question. "If I answered what I thought I should say my father, but they have told me since that is a dream the fever left with me."

"I call that mortal queer," said Grace, with eyes intent upon the young, earnest face. "If I was you, my son, I wouldn't be cheated out of my memory by Ilea."

"Do you think I am cheated?" said Alfred, with a wistful look. "I thought so once myself till my father and my sister Madeline took me to a beautiful palace, and there I saw a rich noble—the Duke de Brissancourt—who told me I had lived in it with him when I was very young. Perhaps it was this visit to him which lingered so long in my memory. And yet the palace was not the one I had dreamed of so often; neither was his face the face I remember so well."

"Would you know the face again?" asked Grace, leaning her chin upon her hands, and regarding the child with a puzzled air.

"Oh yes," said Alfred, his eyes growing bright as she spoke. "I should know him anywhere. Do you think it is still living—that kind, sorrowful face, that used to bend over me at night, and kiss me?"

"I am afraid not," returned Grace. "I'm thinking, sonny boy, if that kind face, whosoever it may be, were not put under the sod, you would not be here this minute a little forlorn runaway. Don't cry, cheeldveen. I wan't to hear who Madeline is."

"She is my eldest brother's widow," answered Alfred. "She is very beautiful. I wish she liked me," he said, sighing; "but I know she cannot bear even to see my face."

"If that's true, you've got queer relations," rejoined Grace. "Do you remember your mother?—can you tell me her name?"

The old bewildered look came back painfully to Alfred's face, as he replied:

"No, I cannot remember her. They tell me she is dead, but my father—no, not my father, the friend, I mean, who you think is dead—he always told me my mother was living; and he used to promise I should go home one day to her at—at——"

Here the boy turned pale as death, and stretched his hand out faintly towards the listening woman.

"Are there two Penkivels in England?" he asked. "For the word he said was Penkivel. Oh, Grace, it was indeed! I have lain awake at night wondering if that name I had lost would never, never come back to me, and now it is come suddenly, like lightning comes."

Grace threw her apron over her face, and behind that rampart she cried quietly some little time. The suspicion in her heart took away her breath, and she dared not speak it.

"There may be two Penkivels," she said, in a sobbing voice. "Tell me something more of your sister. I once knew a beautiful lady called Madeline. But for her, Lord Crehylls would never have gone away to die in a foreign land. Some people say he was beguiled by her wicked beauty. I don't think that's true, neither does Michael, and he is Lord Crehylls' foster brother, and always nearer and dearer to him than any friend in the world."

To this rather rambling story Alfred listened attentively.

"I know so little of my sister Madeline," he said, "that I cannot tell you anything about her. Do you think she is the lady you knew once?"

"Well, yes, I do," answered Grace, "but Michael knew her better than I."

"Is he your brother? and why is his face so white and strange?" asked Alfred. Then after a little pause he added, "who is Mathew Carbis?"

"So you heard all that was said on the day you lay by the fire like a little whisht corpse?" said Grace, anxiously.

"Yes, every word," he replied. "And I should like to know why Michael is so pale, and why the cross is cut by the river side."

"That is a long tale to tell," said Grace; "and I am afraid——"

"You need not be afraid," said the boy. "I know Michael Polgrain wants to take me away on a cruise, lest I should tell that he is a smuggler; but I am no tell-tale."

"I am not afraid of your telling," returned Grace; "because I don't believe you would put the son of them that's been kind to you in prison, but I think you had best go to see for all that. Folks say at Crehylls this schoolmaster is gone down to Penkivel to look for thee, and he means to stop for many a week at Penkivel church-town till you comes, he says. So wouldn't it be sensible to keep away till he is tired out, and gone back to his den, like the fox he is?"

This news made Alfred thoughtful. With all the patient resolution inherent in his nature, he had determined never to fall again into Whalley's hands. He would choose any life rather than again make one among that small, cowed, miserable herd, whose abject lives were a continual and a degrading torture. His memory was filled with cruelties, horrors, sufferings past speech, which he had seen inflicted upon the helpless, shrinking companions of his misery, or which he had borne himself with that uncomplaining patience born of despair. Young as he was, Alfred knew that the fruit of such teaching as Whalley's could only be cowardice, falsehood, and meanness; and the instinct which made him fly, was that voice in every noble mind which bids it soul live. Sometimes there fell down upon his young heart a horrible suspicion that this wicked man wanted to destroy him—was watching devilishly for the creeping into his spirit of all evil things, and his father knew this, and looking on, only smiled. This fearful thought used to make him tremble, and he often drove it away passionately; yet it came again and again, and always stood before him, barring the way, when he would have gone to Madeline for succor. Then, as Grace told him Whalley would go to Penkivel, there crept upon him the fear Lady Crehylls might give him up as Lord Crehylls had done, and on this there followed the thought that it might be wise to put the sea between himself and his pursuer. What the earth denied to the fugitive the ocean gave, and every rolling billow would carry him further away from his enemy. And what if there came upon him at sea hardship, danger, and suffering, they would come in shapes that rouse the soul within a man to bravely fight and bravely endure. The sea was a school which made heroes, and the teaching it gave was the foster-mother of honor, courage, and self-reliance; but Whalley's school made cowards, and its teaching was the nurse of every vice, and its abject suffering the mother of dismal sin.

If these thoughts in the boy's mind were cloudy and unformed, they were nevertheless speaking in every shrinking instinct that evaded Whalley's touch, and crying out within his soul for a nobler, truer school than the miserable cheat which called itself by that name beneath his dastard roof.

"I do not fear to go to sea," said Alfred, looking in Grace's face, "but I do fear to be a wicked man. Whalley is a wicked man,—that is why I ran away; and I was going to Penkivel because Lady Crehylls is good. I like good people just as I like the sunshine."

"There is no harm in my boy Martin, except smuggling," returned Grace; "and there's lots of Cornish folk don't count that a sin. I will say, Martin is as generous and brave a lad as ever stepped, only he's draw'd away by a liking for adventure; and by love for his uncle. He'd go round the world with Michael in a hollow pumpkin if 'twas big enough to hold un'; and as to Michael himself, he wouldn't wrong a worm by sea or land; and he would never have taken to this life if it hadn't been for the blight that fell on him ever since Walter Sherborne was tried for the murder of Mathew Carbis—that's what did it. He was driven out to sea because upon the land he finds no rest for his troubled mind. The very day after the night when they found you lying upon the cross, cut in the turf, where Mathew Carbis' body had lain, he thought he saw him; and he came here to this hearth and told it, with that haunted look upon his face, which makes folks feel afraid of him at times."

"Tell me all the story," cried Alfred, eagerly, with wide-open eyes shining with feverish wonder.

So Grace Chagwynne, as she knitted, told Alfred this story, which we tell again, nearly in her own words, only modifying somewhat her quaint Cornish dialect, which else might need a glossary.

THE STORY OF MATHEW CARBIS.

It is about twenty-two or twenty-three years agone since a stranger, who looked like a gentleman—a broken-down gentleman, though—came to these parts, and asked was there narra house to let thereabouts, which would do for a quiet family. Now about three miles from this, just where the river touches the sea, there stands upon a cliff a lonesome house, called St. Eglon's Hut. It was built long ago by the Crehylls for a pleasure place, but there was never any pleasure in it that I could hear tell of. So it fell into decay. Yet the strange gentleman went to look at this house, and said, if my lord's steward would put it in order he would take it. Well this was done; but, with all the new paper and paint, it was a whisht place still. I was one of the women sent to clean it, and the first thing I see'd in the hall was a great adder, half dead, which the workmen had killed in the morning; and this wasn't all, for on the hearthstone of the dining-room there stood a big toad, which spit at me when I tried to drive him away.

I had nothing but sorry and fright all the time I was at the Hut, for in smoking out the owls I set fire to the chimney; it was full of nests and sticks—and I called to Michael to help me, and he fired a gun up the chimney and shot three young owls. Down they came tumbling on us, the sticks all afire that they brought down with them, and their big eyes glaring like onclean sperrets."

"There's twenty-waun years ill-luck for me," says Michael, as he turned 'em over with his foot. "I never killed an owl afore in all my life."

You know it's seven years ill luck to him that kills an owl, so I was sorry Michael had done a whist thing.

There was a good bit of old-fashioned furniture in St. Eglon's Hut, most of it piled away in the upper rooms, and all this was brought down now, and put in its proper place. This was scarcely done, when the gentleman and his family arrived. They were few enough—only himself, his wife, and child; no servants, no horses, not even a dog with them. But the lady startled me; she was so beautiful that it was hard to take one's eyes off her face. Yet she had not a happy look about her; she was restless, and the color came and went on her cheeks every moment. She would flush and grow pale at a footstep, the shaking of a window, or the rattling of a door. She was peevish and cross to her little girl, who seemed afraid of her, and held her father tightly by the hand.

Mr. Walter Sherborne looked much older than his beautiful wife. She seemed scarcely more than five-and-twenty, while his haggard, handsome face, was certainly lined with forty years of care, and his hair was iron-gray; yet he was as reckless and merry as a man of twenty; an unsuspicious, careless man; a loser in all he did, or tried to do; a man marked for ill luck, yet too reckless for grief or for endeavor. The only creature he appeared to love was his child; his wife, perhaps, he scarcely dared to love, for she took no pains to hide from him her contempt, and the proud misery gnawing at her heart. She would sit listless all the day long, looking out upon the sea, great passionate tears welling up into her eyes, and falling unheeded on her clasped hands, which lay idle on her lap. She took no interest in her garden or her house, no interest in her husband or child. All her days slipped by as blank, empty and forlorn as a wrecked ship, while she sat in wicked weariness, repining at her fate. She was too proud to quarrel; but their solitary servant has told me that at times, when passion got the better of her pride, she would reproach him bitterly.

"I was forced to marry you," she said one day. "You bought me of my father. And what have you bought? You cannot purchase one thought or feeling that I possess. I am no more yours now than I was when I refused to be your wife, and told you that I hated you. Did you think, in buying me, you had bought a wife's heart, a wife's duty? If so, you have miserably deceived yourself!"

"How dare you speak to me like this?" cried her husband. "If I were not a ruined man you would not do it."

At this she laughed, and said bitterly: "True, I was married to your money, was I not? And I was faithful to it, civil to it, kind to it, while it lasted. Speak! was it to you or to your wealth that my father wedded me? There was no talk of you at all; the sermon ran thus: 'his rank, his position, his wealth, the honor, safety, obedience, and troops of friends these will bring you, are worth a sacrifice of mere foolish feeling.' And I listened, being coerced and desperate: and I married these, not you. But they are all gone now, and I find nothing in the bond bidding me love you, the ruined gambler, who has flung away estate and happiness. Give me back the things I married, and I'll be a civil wife again. Where are the comforts and troops of friends that should be mine? And as to safety and honor"—here she laughed again—"no gamester can hold those shields around his wretched wife a moment. The first rattle of the dice-box shakes them down."

"Take care!" said Walter Sherborne, "I can at least defend my own honor. Do you fancy that I have not heard of your stolen walks with that silly boy, that unfledged lordling, Cr[illegible]ylls?"

"And wh[illegible] then?" she answered. "You are welcome to call him out if you will. The boy is nothing to me."

"I will not oblige you by getting shot," returned her husband. "A pistol in a boy's hand is as strong to kill as in a man's grasp. There are other ways in which I can revenge myself on Lord Crehylls."

He rose and strode away, and Janniper Baragwannah, who was listening with all her might, started off like a hare, fearing she'd be caught.

Lord Crehylls and his brother, the present lord, were orphans, and Mr. Lanyon of Penkivel, was their guardians. He was as fond of the lads as if they were his own, and he was sore grieved when he found young Lord Crehylls was so taken with Mrs. Sherborne's beauty that he made himself her shadow, haunting St. Eglon's day by day in the hopes of getting a word or look from her, as she passed him. She was a wicked lady, or she would never have encouraged the admiration of a boy, whom one honest, kindly word would have made her friend, not her lover. But she flattered him, and the poor lad—he was but eighteen—fancied he was bound to lay down his life for her, if she asked it.

Thus things stood when a visitor arrived at St. Eglon's Hut. He was a young man, keen and sharp, with restless eyes, a pale face, a massive jaw, and thin lips. Some called him handsome, but Janniper and I said he was ugly, and we say it still. He came upon Mr. Sherborne suddenly, as he was walking in the garden holding his child by the hand, and he called out to him in a merry voice:

"Hollo, Sherborne!"

Turning sharply to look at him, Mr. Sherborne grew white to the lips.

"Is it you, Carbis?" he answered. "How could you find me out in this wilderness?"

"I found you through Mrs. Sherborne," returned Carbis, carelessly.

"Through my wife?" said Mr. Sherborne, biting his lips.

"Yes," replied the other, in an easy way, "and by the merest chance, too. I was staying at Dartmouth with my cousin the parson, when a packman—a hawker fellow—comes in with watches and trinkets for sale; a most amusing a dog he was, with a tongue that never tired, smooth as oil and flattering as honey. So at last he tells my cousin Jessie she is the loveliest lady he has ever seen except one. Woman-like, she is curious to know who that one is. 'It is a lady I saw in Cornwall,' he says, 'I travel from Northumberland to Cornwall with my pack, and I see nowhere such a face as hers.' 'Is she Cornish?' I ask him. 'No, sir,' he said, 'she and her husband are strangers there, so the people told me.' 'I'll bet my life it's Mrs. Sherborne,' I cried. 'That's her name, sir,' answers the hawker, much amazed. So you see, Sherborne, when a man has such a wife as yours, he can't hide. Being bored to death at the parson's, I put myself on my horse, and, in spite of bad roads, and shafts, and footpads, here I am. Haven't you a boy to take my hack?"

"No," said Mr. Sherborne, savagely, "I am a beggar, and you know it."

But my brother Michael, who was working in the garden, and heard all this, came forward now, and led the horse to the stable. As he went he saw the new-comer strike Mr. Sherborne heartily on the shoulder, and shake hands with him again and again. Nevertheless, there was a false ring in his voice which made Michael think him secretly an enemy to the man whom he greeted with so much affection. And some little time after this, when he was talking of Mr. Sherborne's visitor to me, he said, "Grace, there is a more poisonous snake crept into St. Eglon's now than arra one we killed when we set the place in order. I wish they had never let the Hut to these strange folks. There will sorrow come of it, mark my words if there don't.

Michael used to work at the Hut a good deal, for he and Janniper were courting like then, so I mostly heard all that was going on from one or the other of them.

Mr. Sherborne and Mathew Carbis were good friends now, any one saw that. They fished, they rode, they walked together, they sat up late drinking and playing cards; and in one thing especially they both agreed: they both hated the poor lad who still haunted Mrs. Sherborne with his boyish, respectful love.

"Walter, if I were you, I'd be revenged on the proud young imp," Janniper heard Matthew Carbis say. "See, how he avoids you and me—he and Mr. Lanyon too. We are not good enough for them. Yet he can follow your wife like a cur, as he is, and pester her with his insolent attentions. Ah, I wish you and I were in power in France just now, and had a goodly batch of these useless aristocrats beneath our thumb."

"I wish we had," said Walter Sherborne, with an oath, as his fist struck the table with a sounding blow.

As for Mrs. Sherborne,—Janniper told me she rarely joined her husband and his guest. She sat, as was her wont, at an upper window, with her hands folded in her lap, and her wild eyes gazing out at sea; and if she spoke of Mathew Carbis to Mr. Sherborne, it was only to abuse him, to say she hated him, and to ask passionately when she was to be rid of his odious presence.

When Janniper heard such words as these, she trembled at the lady's deceit and wickedness, for she knew that when Walter Sherborne was not by, these two whispered together and held each other's hands, and looked in each other's eyes as lovers look. Yet Mrs. Sherborne had some strange dread upon her mind of that crafty man, for Janniper found her once upon her knees, with her hands clasped, and arms stretched out towards the sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The general annual returns of the British army for the year 1878 have just been presented to Parliament. The effective strength of the rank and file of the service on January 1, 1878, is given as 166,306, and the establishment as 164,877, the difference being due to the number of supernumeraries. According to the latest returns, received on January 1, there were in England 706,058 of all arms; in Jersey, Guernsey and Alderly, 1862; in Scotland, 4,036, and in Ireland, 21,731. In the colonies there were 27,842, and in the East Indies, 61,612; making up the total effective strength of all grades, including those on passage to and from India, 190,245.

LOVE AND TIME.

BY F. S.

Long years ago, Old Time, 'tis said,
While plodding his weary way,
Chanced on a stream which swiftly sped,
And to cross it did vain essay.
"Help!" cried he. "Consider my years!
Will none of you aid me? Alas,
Good friends, I entreat you with tears,
Hither, and help Old Time to pass."

None heeded his cry, till wafted where
Some damsels in idleness rove
On the further side. To bring him there,
Speed they a skiff propelled by Love.
Others, more staid, were fain to check,
And warningly chanted this rhyme:
"Ah, many a life has made shipwreck
In seeking thus to pass Old Time!"

Young Love made gayly for the shore
Whereon the old wanderer wept;
Proudly turned to ferry him o'er,
Full strong though the dark current swept.
Plying his oars the radiant boy
Gayly sang and rosang this rhyme,
"See, see, dear girls, benold with joy,
How Young Love carries off Old Time!"

Vain boast! Soon spent, down droops his head
('Twas ever his way, I am told):
Old Time takes up the oars instead:
"Tired so soon, yet erewhile so bold?
Poor child, how feebly formed thou art!
Rest, then, now whilst I sing my rhyme—
An old refrain from a broken heart—
Love is carried away by Time!"

A silv'ry sound of mirth above
Ripples downward over the tide;
One passing fair, in sylvan grove,
Doth Old Time and Young Love deride.
"Hold!" cried the sage with voice severe,
"Who laughs thus at Love and my rhyme?"
"True Friendship, who has naught to fear:
I yield not to Love nor to Time!"

Madge's Cousin.

BY W. T. M.

MADGE was sitting upon the hearth-rug, pulling to pieces a white camellia and excusing herself to her kind old guardian by saying it was "only Jack's."

"My dear," said Mr. Selwyn, walking up and down and stroking his gray beard in perplexity, "I want to talk to you about Jack."

"Oh! please, not now, Papa Sellwyn!" She called him Papa Selwyn when she meant to be coaxing, and that was nearly always.

"But, my dear, that is all nonsense. I must talk about Jack sometime. Yesterday it was, 'Oh! please don't—my head is aching,' and the day before, 'Oh! please don't—I want to go out with Gerty.' Come, let us face this affair."

And sitting in the easy chair behind her hassock, he drew up on his knees the hand that held the broken flower and proceeded to lecture his unmanageable charge on the endless subject of "Jack."

This lecture on Jack was the same as many others had been. It consisted of two parts, the first being devoted to proving that she ought to throw her own whims and pleasures aside, and as a dutiful girl fulfil her dying father's request and marry her cousin; and the second was an eulogium on the many good qualities of Jack Hawkesbury.

All her life, even so far back as her childhood, she had dreaded the fate that bound her to marry her cousin.

When Jack Hawkesbury came on the scene and stayed on visits at the house, she disliked and ridiculed him without mercy. Another, one like fair-haired Gertrude Selwyn, might have accepted the inevitable and been happy; but Madge's active and independent nature made her run against fate. And now there was only one month left before her twenty-first birthday and the betrothal. Often she told Gertrude she wished he would go home and stay there; and Gertrude would only laugh, with a deeper tinge of color on her fair face

The girls went out but little, an arrangement against which Madge often rebelled, believing it was in some way connected with the safe management of the marriage with her cousin.

But there were two pleasures in prospect now, an afternoon's boating with Jack and a friend of his and Gertrude, and a party that the Ponsonby-Joneses were going to give, to which the Selwyn family were sure to be invited.

First came boating. Ah! that ever-memorable day—how many years it would take to make Madge forget it! There were four in the boat that passed, with the measured beat and ripple of Jack's pair of sculls, along by the reedy shallows and green wooded banks of the upper Thames.

The two girls shared the cushioned seat at the stern, their white woollen shawls guarding them from the chill of the autumn wind. Gertrude was watching the shores and the running ripples, thinking in her quiet, easy-going way. Madge, bright with excitement, was talking—not with Jack, but with the dark bearded, travel bronzed man, who was resting from his turn at the sculls.

He was charmed with the way she chatted and listened to his tales of half the world, with a refreshing absence of self-consciousness. What would he have said if he had known the thought that strove for entrance into her heart?

Oh! if Jack—awkward, blundering, good-natured Jack—could be changed into this stranger that she called timidly Mr. Fitzallan, and Jack and her guardian had greeted at the house as Herbert!

What need to tell the inner history of Madge's life during the next few weeks? More and more she longed for freedom.

Fitzallan was staying in the neighborhood and was frequently at the house, and in the thousand little incidents of everyday life she knew he cared for her, and honest Jack grew yet more distasteful in her sight.

In due time came the second promised pleasure. The family that distinguished the name of Jones by the prefix of Ponsonby gave their party.

Madge was in her glory that night.

But the trivial triumphs and pleasures of the night were long forgotten by Madge before she lost one remembrance of a scene that passed in the conservatory, where the music was hushed by heavy curtains, and there was only the soft light of a few dim lamps among the masses of blossoms and dark green leaves. She had lost the flower from her hair—one of her favorite camellias—as she said, "with a darling bud," and Fitzallan had promised, with Ponsonby-Jones' permission, to get her another with a darling bud too.

She had placed his gift in her hair, and she sat near the dewy glass, saying it was cool there and she would rest.

Fitzallan stood at a little distance, penknife in hand still, swinging carelessly the fan like leaf of a dwarf palm.

"If this were nearer, I could fan you," he said.

"Thank you; I am tired rather than hot."

Never in her life before had Madge been so serious or troubled as she was now, in the soft light among the cool plants, within sound of the half hushed music.

"Will you do me a favor?" she inquired, raising the gray eyes that shone for a moment with liquid brightness.

"You have only to name it—I am at your service."

"I have seemed very happy to-night, Mr. Fitzallan," she began in a quiet, low tone, the torn leaf trembling in her hand and the color dying out of her face, "but I am in great trouble."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it."

He drew a little nearer, listening attentively and helping her now and again by a word of encouragement.

Her story was a simple one. She was to be married next month to her cousin, Mr. Hawkesbury. She had dreaded it all her life, but it was her fate. And then taking courage from the respectful and almost paternal demeanor of her listener she made the frank confession that she disliked her cousin just because she was forced to marry him.

"Will you speak for me to Mr. Selwyn," she said, "as you are an old friend of his? I cannot reason as men do, but I want you to try if there is any way of release for me. Pray forgive me if I am wrong in asking your interference, but I am very wretched"—here came a burst of tears that must have tried the listener sorely—"and I myself have so often spoken to Mr. Selwyn, and it is of no use. He always says my father's will must be carried out; and oh! how I wish I could do it."

"It must be done, if possible," Fitzallan said. "But it would not be your father's will to mar the happiness of your life or to put you in bondage."

"Oh! if Mr. Selwyn would only speak like that," said the girl sadly.

"Well, I shall have a talk with him," said Fitzallan, "and do my best for your happiness, though I would be sorry to injure Hawkesbury's prospects. Let us go back now; there is a new piece beginning. That is one of Rubinstein's, is it not? I need not say you have done me a favor in granting me your confidence."

With that he drew aside the heavy curtains, and they returned to the dazzling light and bewildering music and movement of the ball room.

After that night Madge waited in anxiety to hear the result of Fitzallan's parley with her guardian.

Three days passed and a note came from him, only a few words, saying that he had succeeded at least so far as to win a promise that the matter should be considered. But Madge saw little good coming of Mr. Selwyn's "considering" what seemed to be decided irrevocably long ago.

At last it was the eve of her birthday; to-morrow would be the dreaded day.

But beyond that day Madge was unable to bear her heart's burden. "I must tell him everything," she thought.

In the afternoon twilight, some time after Mr. Selwyn had returned home, she found him asleep in his arm chair in the dark dining-room.

She knelt beside him, as she often did for a talk when he was in that chair, and she woke him by stealing her hand into his.

"Who is it—Gerty? No, Madge—my little Madge that is to be so patriarchal to-morrow."

"Papa Selwyn," she began, not giving him time to joke any more lest she might not be able to disclose all her troubles, "I want to tell you something, and you won't be angry, will you, no matter what it is? I can't marry Jack, because I ought to love my husband, and I can never care enough for him. Or, if I must be engaged to him to-morrow"—here there was a great sob—"Mr. Fitzallan is very good and kind, and I don't want to hurt him—but—he must go away."

Her head sank upon his knees with the great effort of that request.

"My poor child," he said, "I know your secret. Bravely said! my little Madge, my bonny girl! You have had the truth out and done nobly. You are worthy of the man who is to have you, and that is saying a good deal."

"As you know, Madge," he continued, "most people in this world have more cousins than one." And then he went on to explain to her that Herbert Fitzallan was a very distant cousin and that it was to him her father wished her to be married. Fitzallan's father had been the companion of his labors and Herbert himself had been loved by the dying man as a son, for Herbert was twenty when little Madge was an orphaned baby of four.

"My dear, good second father! How can I love you enough?" was all Madge could say.

That very night Madge, scarcely able to realize her joy, was betrothed to Herbert Fitzallan, who, when once the secret was disclosed, would not wait another hour.

"Have I not waited years," he said. "All my time abroad I was waiting, and then I came back and found my Madge more than ever I had dared to hope."

But Madge in her new freedom did not forget poor Jack. Indeed, she was almost in trouble about her unkindness to him when she heard that he had been only playing a part, bearing all her teasing, and being purposely ungracious whenever she grew kind. But Gertrude consoled her effectually on that score by telling another secret after her kiss of congratulation.

"Jack was indeed doing his best to carry out the plan," she said; "and he was often grieved about you; but, dear Madge, you must congratulate us now—not me, but us. Jack and I made it up between us months ago, and we had many a quiet laugh about you."

SOME AFRICAN TRIBES.

IT will be interesting to consider together the Ashantis and the Fulahs or Felatahs, of Africa, since their territories are contiguous. As regards physical traits, there is nothing strikingly distinctive in the Ashantis, but the Fulahs deserve more attention. They differ from the black race in all the characteristics which are marked by physical anthropology. They are of tawny or chestnut color, with thin lips, prominent nose, oval face, and soft, silky hair.

In all the features of civilization the Fulahs exhibit a signal superiority to their Ashanti neighbors. The latter are governed by an absolute monarch, who is the legal heir of all his subjects, and who is accustomed to guard against assassination by decreeing that a wholesale slaughter of his officers and slaves shall follow his own death. On the other hand, the Fulah States form a species of confederacy ruled by a council with an elective head. Moreover, so little reason seems to exist for dreading the resentment provoked by abuses of authority in public or private life that it is the custom to manumit all the slaves belonging to a given individual upon the master's death. As regards religion, the Fulahs are rigid Mohammedans.

In Ashantee, on the other hand, every town has a fetich house, or temple, in which images are placed, to whom the King and chief men sacrifice human beings. Although a vague notion of a future state universally prevails among these people, they do not seem to associate any idea of punishment in another world with crimes committed here.

The Ashantis, we may add, have a curious tradition of creation, according to which the Father of the Universe formed man of two colors, each pair being allowed to fix their destiny, but the black people committed the blunder of choosing a calabash in preference to a sealed letter or paper.

Among the Kaffirs the prevailing color is a mixture of black and red, the most common shade being chocolate. Generally the hair is black, the eyes dark and lively, the nose not flat, but sufficiently aquiline, and the teeth of brilliant whiteness. A singular trait has been remarked by travellers in the Zulus, and that is the imperviousness of their flesh to heat. They frequently arrange, for instance, burning bagots with their feet, and with the same unconcern dip their hands into the cooking vessels, and feed themselves with Indian corn while it is boiling in the water. They are a vivacious, good humored people, but it is stated by men familiar with them that a blow given even in play by a European must be returned. The children are remarked to have a very laudable respect for their parents, but when they have arrived at a certain age, should their mothers attempt to chastise them, the lads are allowed by law to kill them.

Gen. Philip H. Sheridan is described as having grown extremely stout.

Scientific and Useful.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.—Since the improvements in machinery; 1,600 000 men now do as much as 9,000,000 men did in former times.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.—Phosphite of calcium on becoming wet will give off spontaneously combustible phosphoretted hydrogen, thus emitting light. This is the principal ingredient used in the distress and guiding signals thrown into the water from a sinking ship, principally to guide those in the water to the boats.

THE STRENGTH OF METALS.—The process of compressing metal while in the liquid condition has been found to cause a great increase of strength, and is likely to be extensively adopted in the manufacture of steel. The process of cold-rolling has been found to increase the strength of bar iron in some cases as much as 100 per cent.

KEROSENE.—Although the existence of kerosene oil in several of the provinces of Japan is said to have been known for twelve hundred years, the Japanese did not know how to refine it till about six years ago. Now however refining establishments are springing up rapidly, and its manufacture is becoming an important industry.

BRONZED FEATHERS.—Fashion has introduced gilt and bronzed feathers. To make these the process is simple: Dip the feather in weak gum water, and press nearly dry between cloths. It is then dipped in bronze powder and rubbed with a piece of wash leather. Cover those parts which are to remain plain with a piece of pasteboard. Of course various effects may be produced by dyeing the feathers with analine colors prior to the application of the bronze.

THE GREAT TUNNEL.—Thus far the borings on the French coast in connection with the proposed English Channel tunnel between the two countries, confirm the possibility of the execution of the scheme. The geological considerations are all favorable. But there is no reason to believe that there will soon be any vigorous and systematic attempt on the part of the English to push the enterprise and make its actual accomplishment probable. Lately, influential people in England have grown very apathetic about the great tunnel.

NEW COVERING FOR IRON.—Iron can be protected from rust and made very pleasing in color by a method just invented. The surface is coated with a thin film of borate of lead, in which some oxide of copper had been dissolved, and some scales of precipitated platinum held in suspension by means of a brush or a bath. The composition is then heated until it is fused. The result is a thin glassy coating, which will withstand the action of sewer gases, dilute acids, or alkalies, and the heat of a kitchen fire. If all be true that is said of this "platinized iron," as it is called, it will find numerous applications.

FACTS.—Twenty five gallons of water to twelve and a half gallons of sulphuric acid will dissolve bones for fertilizing.—A French physician says drinking boiled water only will prevent yellow fever.—A tray full of quicklime placed in damp closets, etc., will prevent mildew. The lime should be frequently renewed.—An electric light for railway trains, to be run by a small dynamo-electric engine, driven by a belt from one of the car-axles, is recommended.—Iron railway sleepers are said to have proved, both in India and England, much cheaper than wooden ones. Their gradual adoption is predicted.

Farm and Garden.

FERTILIZER FOR ROSES.—The Massachusetts *Ploughman* says: "We know of no better fertilizer for potted roses than a tablespoonful of Peruvian guano stirred into a pailful of water and this liquid applied for watering once or twice a week."

FATTENING RATION.—An English farmer, very successful during ten years in fattening cattle and sheep, supplied a ration made as follows: Eight bushels corn, soaked in ten pails of water two days; then steamed for an hour; afterwards mix with fourteen pounds coarse, cheap sugar, and commingle with cut straw, hay or other fodder.

WHITE GRUBS.—White grubs at the root of cabbages may be destroyed as follows: Loosen the earth close to the root with a hoe, even so much as to disturb the plant a little. Make a solution of one part of soft soap to twelve of soft water, and pour about the root in close contact with the plant. One fourth of a pint of this solution to a plant two or three times during the season is sufficient. Weaker suds poured on the top would destroy the green worm.

SPRING PLANTING IN GARDENS.—Nothing should on any account be set out in spring until the ground has become so dry that it will crush under the heel when trodden on. Besides this, all danger of a return of frosty weather should certainly be open before much in the way of planting be attempted. Even though the ground be tolerably dry and warm, and in general good condition, when the seeds or plants are put out they are not always the first to bear over those sown later. A child often stops growth for some time, while one which from the first has nothing to interfere with it, goes right on to fruition without interruption.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.—There are hogs in Missouri that suck cows, sitting on their haunches to perform the operation. Road locomotive engines are becoming quite common in England for heavy teaming, plowing, etc. Dry, hilly pastures are most suited to sheep. In Europe pig manure is largely applied to the hemp crop. Glanders and farcy in horses are different modifications of the same disease. A lining of tarred paper in poultry houses is recommended as a preventive for lice. Parsnips are used very much in France for fattening neat cattle and hogs. Steaming or boiling them is strongly recommended, especially for swine and poultry.

A NEW INSECT DESTROYER.—An experienced gardener tells of a new and effectual way of exterminating insect pests, both in and out of doors. Take a barrel and half fill it with coal tar. Then fill the barrel with water. After standing awhile, the water may be sprinkled upon the leaves and stems by means of a whisk-broom or watering pot. According to this gardener's positive statement, it will at once kill the insects with which it comes in contact, without in the least harming the plant. It has also been frequently noticed that worms which happened to be under newly-laid gas-tar walks would soon after the walk had been made appear lifeless along the edges.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1879.

MORPHIA.

MORPHIA, as most people know, is one of the principal constituents of opium, and acts on the body in very much the same way. It is used for sleeplessness and to relieve pain, and if for any other purpose, these are sufficient for our object. What a boon these drugs have been to humanity, only those who have been racked with pain, and troubled with sleepless, weary nights, can tell. It was found, however, that both morphia and opium had a most vicious effect on the stomach and intestinal canal, so that their use could not long be persevered in without evil consequences to the general system. No other known drug was so efficient or powerful in the affections for which these were employed, and therefore the medical profession had to cast about for another method of administration, which would mitigate, if not altogether do away with, their evil effects. It is now a good many years since Dr. Alexander Wood, of Edinburgh, suggested the use of morphia by means of subcutaneous injection, a method by which the action of the drug is rendered quicker and more certain, its bad effects—when to be used for a short time—fewer, and a much smaller dose is required. The mechanical actions of morphia on the alimentary canal were, to a certain extent, got rid of. A considerable time elapsed before the practice became anything like general, for the profession looked askance at so dangerous a method of using a powerful drug. Of late years, however, the administration of morphia by means of injection beneath the skin has spread very widely. No doubt, as used in this way, morphia is truly marvelous in its effects, and has proved a real godsend to both medical men and their patients. The profession was carried away by the wonderful power they had got hold of, and, as they themselves confess, did not always use it with the discrimination and forethought that were necessary in dealing with so powerful, subtle, and alluring a drug. It is little to be wondered at, in these days of universal knowledge, that patients in time wormed themselves into the secret, and did their best to spread the fame of the new mode of exhibition among their friends and fellow-sufferers. So far little harm might have been done, but in an evil day medical men lent their patients the power of relieving their own sufferings, real or imaginary. As a consequence, morphia injections are now used by many private persons for other reasons than the relief of pain and the banishing of wakefulness. Indeed, we have reason to believe that among certain classes of society, it is becoming too commonly abused, and bids fair soon to grow into a very general vice.

A MERRY or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion, makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road; but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

SANCTUM CHAT.

LONDON is ahead of New York in fancy dress balls. So great is the mania there that half a dozen fancy dress costumes form a part of every lady's wardrobe. A baby of two and a quarter appeared as Little Red Riding Hood lately. Now, if they had a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, there might have been trouble where that child appeared.

—

THE ladies of Memphis, Tenn., have originated what they call "book receptions" and entertainments, the profits from which are put to the purchase of books and papers for the inmates of hospitals, almshouses, houses of refuge and even jails. The thought seems to be an advance upon our idea of hospital boxes in public places, in which are deposited old newspapers and the like for the sick and unfortunate.

—

MR ROBERT RAWLINSON, in a paper on "Sanitary Science," says: "As the strength of a nation is in the health of the people, it must be the duty of Governments to see that means of health are secured to every child born into the world. There is no value apart from human life, and it must be a prime duty of a Government so to legislate, order, and regulate that health shall be possible within the cottage."

—

ACCORDING to Dr. Richardson, hot water at 120° Fah. will kill typhus germs, and soap acts as a poison to them. The remedy against typhus, then, is to be found in every household, and more's the pity if they be not applied. Considering the deadly nature of this fever, and the fact that 50,000 typhus germs will thrive in a space no bigger than a pin's head, it is clear, that in such a matter a quart of prevention is worth several hogsheads of cure.

—

A SPECTACLE called "Une Fete sur la Glace," has been brought out at the Winter Circus in Paris. The arena is converted into a sheet of ice, peasant men and women first appear skating along, carrying on their heads baskets of fruits and vegetables; the next scene is a reindeer hunt by armed men with pikes, then a market on the ice, which is followed by dancing on skates, with comic scenes; and, finally, a race with sledges in the midst of a heavy snow storm.

—

THE Russians have a superstition that in lamenting long the dead we trouble their spirits and offend Divine Providence, who, on the anniversaries of the days on which he called their spirits to him, sends some punishment to teach us the sinfulness of nursing grief to the detriment of the duties of our lot and station in life. Providence acts towards us as we do towards weeping children. When they cry over much, we teach them to dry their tears by giving them cause to weep.

—

ECCENTRICITIES of character assume various phases, but among the oddest were those of Louis Schneider, the late amanuensis of the German Emperor, who was a man of unusually odd notions. The pillow on which his head rested in his coffin was the work of his own hands, and he had been engaged in making it for thirty years. It was stuffed with his own hair, which he had saved from the clippings of his lifetime. In color it varied from the light brown of youth to the snowy white of age. In his will Schneider described in detail the way in which he wished to be buried, and wrote out the epitaph that he desired to have placed upon his tombstone.

—

THE Russian newspapers complain that the fluctuation in the grain trade of Russia and the rapid changes in prices are caused by competition from the United States. As soon as American supplies are brought to market the sale of the Russian grain decreases, and hence many Russian farmers are impoverished and cannot pay taxes. As the prosperity of Russia depends largely upon the grain trade, it is important that full information concerning the crop of cereals should be obtained; and it is suggested in St. Petersburg journals that Russian Consuls in the United States be required to ascertain the state and prospects of the American crops and to assist in promoting the grain trade of Russia.

—

THE sentence on the Glasgow bank directors has, it is impossible to deny, been a good deal less severe than it was expected to be by the country generally. A commercial fraud of the first magnitude, and with consequences so disastrous that the imagination fails to follow them, has been brought home to the guilty parties, and has been visited with no greater punishment than an ordinary case of shoplifting might have been, in which the value of the goods stolen amounted to a few pounds or a few shillings, and which could have done no great harm to anybody. If a popular vote could have been taken on the question, the result would have been very different.

—

IT is always possible in looking up the origin of a reigning fashion to find a reason for it: cause and effect go hand in hand even in fashion's vagaries. This winter we hear of the prevalence of pearls as a fashion; a recent traveler notes the finding of a new pearl bank in the Persian gulf early last year; therefore some one stood behind the crank that turns out the Paris fashions who was interested in some "corner" in pearls. At recent English high life weddings a bunch of pinks from the village of Celarino in the Engadine has been a much-prized wedding gift; above price because it needed all the persuasion of tourists to make the peasant yield up his cherished flower, and it had lately been much famed.

—

THE wedding of the Duke of Connaught which everybody expected would be on the grandest scale imaginable, is, after all, to be a very quiet affair indeed. The Queen is not disposed to make a fuss about it. She has thus signified her royal pleasure, and society is greatly disappointed. The Marquis of Lorne, it is said, will not have the companionship of his wife during all the time of his stay in Canada. The Princess will shortly visit England. She has informed the directors of the various charities and institutions with which she is connected in London that she intends to continue her active interest in them. In spite of her experience of "the Atlantic's angry waves," society says she has made up her mind to visit England every year.

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A PEN picture of Lord Beaconsfield says he is to strangers an amiable old gentleman, who converses with a languid interest about music and painting, with some animation about turnips and cattle, and with no fire at all, but rather a demure composure, about politics and the spread of Roman Catholicism in England. He has a loud, grating voice, which only grows tuneful when he is warmed. He likes flowers, perfumes and fruits. He eats a great deal of champagne jelly, and drinks a great deal of black coffee. He never smokes. He dresses to perfection, knowing exactly what style of clothes best suits him. Into newspapers he hardly ever dips. Sometimes when sitting alone he rests his head on his hand and gazes into the fire or out of the window. No one can boast that he has obtained a glimpse of "the Sphynx's" true mind.

—

FOR some years past it has been currently reported that the youngest son of Her Majesty, Prince Leopold, entertains the desire of taking holy orders. Whatever there may be in this impression, it is curious to note that hitherto no legitimate son of an English monarch has entered the ecclesiastical profession, or even been suspected of an inclination therefor. There certainly seems to be no social difficulty in the way of a Royal prince becoming a clergyman, and as His Royal Highness is advertised to speak at a public meeting, in conjunction with such distinguished men as Mr Gladstone and Mr. Goschen, on the subject of religious teaching in our universities, it may, perhaps, be assumed that he possesses one of the many attributes necessary to the efficient exercise of that high calling. If Leopold does enter the Church, there can be little doubt that he will ultimately be advanced to the Episcopate.

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THE plague fright at Berlin has recalled the extraordinary precautions taken during the cholera epidemic of 1831. A cord was drawn in front of houses supposed to be infected. The keys were given to a police agent, who three or four times a day went to see what the inmates wanted. He then placed what he brought them on a table outside near the door. The money was put into a glassful of vinegar, and the agent took it out with a spoon. The paper on which the commissions were written down he took up with pincers. When a sick person was taken to hospital a police agent preceded the vehicle with a bell, and two soldiers kept everyone away from the sick person. The doctors wore cloaks and masks of oil cloth. The skin of dogs and cats being deemed particularly favorable to the dissemination of the disease, persons were recommended to kill them, except where they were positively necessary. For months the inhabitants lived in trepidation, and an old lady actually hanged herself for fear of the cholera reaching her. The precautions gradually became matter for ridicule.

—

THE gradual change in mortuary customs is a matter of occasional notice. For several years the floral fashion continued to increase until it reached a climax at Stewart's funeral. The expense of decorating the coffin, with other displays suitable to that occasion, was $10,000. This excess brought an immediate reaction, and since then flowers for mortuary purposes have almost fallen out of use. Another feature in funerals is the choice of evening as the time of service, after which the remains are taken away for interment. The escort to the grave on such occasions is limited to the smallest number that may be required. It would be well if another point could be brought into fashion—that is, an abatement in display of mourning, which indeed were a consummation devoutly to be wished." The present depression is seriously felt among the undertakers, who find it very difficult to make collections. Hence they are changing their policy, and instead of encouraging expensive funerals they advise the contrary, unless in cases of known wealth. This arises from the above-mentioned difficulty in getting their pay whenever the bill reaches an excessive amount. Let a reduction in the cost of mourning follow and the public will not be slow to acknowledge the relief.

—

As everything relating to M. Grevy, the new President of France, is read with interest, it may be mentioned that he dresses very modestly, never having worn even the uniform of the National Guard. He is a man of republican simplicity in all his ways. In his every day attire, even in Paris, he has always donned a wide-awake instead of a silk hat; and in summer time he may generally be seen sauntering about the boulevards, clad all in gray, and crowned with a Panama. Though a man of considerable landed property, as landed estates go in France, he never set up a brougham till he became President of the Chamber, and he has always kept this modest one-horse vehicle, with a coachman out of livery, at Versailles. In Paris he uses cabs and omnibuses, but it must be a muddy day which compels him to ride at all. He delights in music; but his favorite pastime is to play billiards, and to smoke cigars while making his caroms. He and his close friend, M. Paul de Cassagnac, are two of the best billiard-players known, and constantly play together. The two do not discuss politics, but feel a mutual esteem for their respective powers with the balls. M. Grevy is also a keen sportsman and an able agriculturist, and owns many vines, cattle, and fields of maize. He smokes much, speaks forcibly and frankly, and never loses his temper, and "he is no feebler than an iron bar."

AT THE OPERA.

BY P. H. D.

Earnest you hearken to Maurice's story
Your bright eyes dimming o'er his mimic woe;
But life hath sadder tales than Trovatore
As souls that vainly love too keenly know.

"Do not forget me," prays the sweet-tongued singer,
And with such seeming truth he charms the ears,
That dreaming of his hapless love, you bring her
The priceless gift of sympathetic tears.

Oh! that you knew affection's unsung sorrows,
Oh! that the truth had such a voice as art—
But Fate refuses all Hope's bright to-morrows
For you will not listen though I break my heart.

Half a Minute Late.

BY F. G.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

TAKE a seat, pray. Your business, if you please?"

"I was to have had the pleasure of meeting you at my friend Winter's."

"Indeed?"

"I was prevented—but it was to arrange about my going out for you to Hong Kong."

"Ah, well. Is this your letter? H. M.—yes; Harold Maynard. Never sign initials. Mr. Maynard. I never do. I was informed you were a punctual man. In my business punctuality is indispensable."

"I pride myself on punctuality."

"An excellent pride. And you say in your letter you know what a minute means. Your letter is a written undertaking to be at a certain place at a certain time. I don't remember meeting you at my nephew's."

"Nothing could have vexed me more. But—well, I ran, or rather my cab ran, over a girl in the street, and I had to see her to a hospital—"

"That was not business, Mr. Maynard. There is a time for all things. You should not have done so."

"What else could I have done?"

"Kept your appointment. But too late is too late, if it's only by half a minute, Mr. Maynard. Not having met you I have this morning engaged another gentleman, who, I trust, will not waste any time in running over girls in the streets of Hong Kong. Time presses, and the Ganges never delays an hour."

That wretched half minute! It seemed turning into a live thing. How could he have supposed that an errand of common charity would have cost him so much more than a dinner? And here, just because he had delayed in pulling a bell-rope for an inappreciable space of time, he was as far from Hong Kong as London, as far from Letty as from Hong Kong; with only two sovereigns in the world, and one borrowed, and with no prospect of earning more.

The sun went out of the day. It was a cruel blow. But there was nothing to be done. After all, it was fair enough that old Despard should have supposed him indifferent, and have engaged another employe under the pressure of time. He could not even complain. He could only put a brave face over his heavy heart, and say, "I'm very sorry. Good day."

But, as it happened, he had left his hat in the drawing room. And, on returning there to fetch it, found not only his hat, but Letty—so radiantly lovely that the sun came back again. He had never seen her so beautiful; and there was a shy joy in her face as she turned to him that contrasted bitterly with his own sad look of a beaten man.

But—was he beaten? Could he feel so when the girl whom he loved was there before him? Repulsed at one point, could he not do all things for her? Only he must have hope—he was no poet, to be willing to live for a dream. He must feel something to win. That she was more than half won he knew; but the word had never been said, and now, in his disappointment, he was longing and hungering for the word that would console him for all.

"Letty," he said, "I didn't mean to see you to-day, but—I'm glad. To see you, I mean. I'm not glad, other ways. It's hard that a wretched cabman should have—Well, it seems I must try again in England, after all."

"Well," she said sweetly, "I suppose you don't very much mind?"

"Not mind?"

"I suppose if you'd minded—very much, you know—you would have seen papa yesterday? I heard all about it, and—yes, I was very, very glad you were going to Hong-Kong. But, of course, if you can do better in England I shall be gladder still."

"Letty! What chance is there in England?"

"You know best, Harold,"

"You know I don't know. And you know why—why I was so anxious to go to China."

"Indeed I don't know."

"Letty! Don't you know what I live for?"

"If you had cared—so very much—I think you'd have managed to dine with cousin Tom and papa."

"I couldn't, dear—Letty, I mean. It was not my fault—the devil seems to be in everything. I miss my appointment. I lose my employment. And now you tell me that it was my fault, and that I don't care."

"If you had cared you would have done as if you cared," said Letty, with the sweetest obstinacy.

"But I had to look after a girl——"

"Yes?"

"My cab nearly killed her."

"Well?"

"Well! what would you have done?"

"It depends on how much I cared for her, I suppose—if I was a man."

"Letty! I never saw her in all my life before."

"Then it was odd that you cared about her so much as to give up everything for her."

"Letty! I love you! Will you be my wife—some day?"

Letty had been charmingly composed. But the question was sudden, and it was at least a second before she recovered her composure. Well—she did like Harold Maynard very much indeed. He danced and flirted to perfection. He loved her. He was handsome and strong, and made love straight out, in the right way.

She sighed. But—but—but—what was a girl to say to a man who not only had no money, and would only waste her youth in a long engagement, but was so obstinately unlucky as to throw away the one chance he had of winning her? "Yes" gave a little flutter in her heart; it almost spread its wings—but—

"O, I am so sorry, Harold!" she said, with the most touching sweetness. And that meant "No!"

Could he have liberated the fluttering "Yes" even yet if he had refused to take her answer? Perhaps, but something prevented him.

It was the now gigantic ghost of that half minute—a half minute no more, no more even an hour, a day; a year—but a whole life, fortune, Letty, and all. The details might be absurd, but massed together they had swelled into a mountain, and the absurdities were the mocking grins of its gnomes. "Only half a minute!" Only destiny.

* * * * * *

But one effect of such combined assaults of Fate upon a weak man is to make him weaker; upon a strong man to make him stronger. They are the tests of manhood and of will. The loss of Letty might be unbearable, but it had to be borne. The world must still go on, though for Harold all buying and no selling, all hunger and no food. Something must be done. He had said so a thousand times for Letty's sake; now he must say it once for all, and for his own. But even his pressing need did not keep him from calling at the hospital the next day with the girl's miniature and ring.

She could see him now. He sat down by her bedside and looked for a moment into the sweet pure eyes, wondering what he should say to them. They were very different from Letty's eyes. He could not imagine them looking coldly upon a beaten lover—he could imagine them lighting up with sympathetic joy or softening into comfort. He longed to know by what name to call her. But, meanwhile, how should he tell her that she was alone in the world?

He looked at her gravely, and laid the ring before her.

"It is well with her now," he said.

He took her hand that she might not feel all alone, and turned away his face that she might weep freely. The tears came, and then she sobbed bitterly; but her hand clung to his as if it had been a child's, and with a touch as innocent. The tears came into his own eyes.

"I will see you again," was all else he said to her.

He felt he was giving her strength by being there; and soon he would have to face the world all alone.

"What is her name?" he asked a nurse.

"Alice Despard."

"Will she get well?" he asked the surgeon.

"Who can tell?" But he looked—"No."

* * * * * *

Harold returned to his lodgings well nigh heart broken. The lost half minute had lost him fortune, love, hope almost, and had killed the sweetest face and voice he had ever seen or heard.

But when he reached home, his room was occupied—by a policeman, and a companion in plain clothes. The latter said, before he could ask their business:

"You are Harold Maynard. I am a constable. And I arrest you on the charge of wilful murder."

"What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"The murder of Jane Despard. And you'd better come along quietly, as you must, and not say a word."

* * * * * *

Harold Maynard—and wilful murder!

Think of yourself, you who read this, and couple your own name with two such words if you can. And then you will conceive the effect of such a charge upon such a man, who was as incapable of such a crime, even in imagination, as you.

And yet who shall say after this that the evidence of circumstance may not bear with crushing force against the most innocent of men?

* * * * * *

The surgeon called in by the police had found that the woman in Knaggs' house in Powys-place, Jane Despard by name, had been suffocated, not by nature, but by man, who does everything so much more artistically than she.

Suspicion at first fell naturally upon the landlord. But he in the first place volunteered an ineffectual search of the premises, and, while still in custody, gave certain information that put a different complexion on affairs.

A gentleman had came from St. Martin's Hospital while the poor lady lay dying. That gentleman was easily identified, by inquiries at the hospital as Harold Maynard. Very slight inquiries were enough to make manifest that Harold Maynard was a very poor man, with the position of a gentleman to keep up, with many debts, no employment, and no means. He had been seen in the hospital in possession of a missing wedding-ring—that in itself was nothing. And at his lodgings was found a miniature, the property of the murdered woman. That was not much more. But—

The detective in plain clothes, who was sharp enough, had taken the trouble to dissect the miniature. And between the portrait and the back he found—Bank of England notes to the amount of two thousand pounds! Motive enough for murder and to spare, in the eyes of the law. *Cui bono?*

And he who possessed the miniature, and had never delivered it out of his own hands, had been alone with the murdered woman during ample time for murder and robbery. If he had come with a charitable motive, with what motive had he carried away two thousand pounds? Temptation makes the thief, not the thief the temptation—as all the world knows.

It was a very triumph of detectivism. Why should a sane man rob a dead woman of a miniature that could be nothing to him if he knew not what lay behind? And the notes were old notes—a hoard well-nigh as old as the miniature must have been. There was no difficulty in finding them, no secret trick: the only thing was to have the idea. And even as the idea had once struck the detective, so surely it must have struck Harold Maynard.

And so he was in the cell of the police station with a consciousness of innocence and a conviction that the proofs against him were overwhelming. He had a night's leisure to think over all things. Why was he charged with murder? Because, omitting minor steps, he had been alone with the dying Mrs. Despard. Why had he been there? Because he had run over a girl in the street mist. Why had he run over her? Because he had been driving over just that part of the road where she was crossing. Why so? Because he been delayed by a block. And why delayed? Because he had not arrived at the spot just half a minute before. And why not? Because he had started half a minute late from his own door. Why? Because half a minute had passed between his touching his bedroom bell-rope and giving it a pull.

And finally, why? Because some unknown journalist had written a paradoxical article in an evening newspaper.

Messieurs et mesdames, such things are happening every day and all day long. Are there any little things in the world? Are there any great things?

"Alas, how easily things go wrong
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
There follows a mist and a weeping rain—"

But too often has that been quoted and misquoted. Half a minute late, indeed! Half a second, half the tick of a watch, and half that, and half that again. Life is made up of such things. Sighs and kisses are Brobdignagian in comparison to the straws that do the undone work of Archimides' lever and move the world. I would prove in the twinkling of an eye that the oak grows from the acorn, and the forest from a grain of mustard-seed. Not all our lost half minutes end in murder. But they may, ay, and do, end in worse—in blunders never to be redeemed, in life long estrangements, in missed opportunities, in all the thousand ills that souls are heir to. Half minutes have lost battles, and overthrown empires, and missed trains.

But these reflections, though philosophical enough in their way, and though he had leisure to make them, in no wise helped Harold Maynard. What was his defence to be?

He might feel sure enough in his own mind that Knaggs, the professional resurrectionist, was more likely to make sure of a body, during the absence of Alice, than he to make sure of a hundred thousand pounds. But nothing was found on Knaggs, while two thousand pounds were found upon him. The world is never tired of asking *Cui bono?* The world mostly mistranslates it, indeed, but that is the way of the world. And here it applied only too well.

In short, there was but one person in the whole world who believed in Harold Maynard—and that was she who of all people in the world had most reason in the world to disbelieve in him, and to feel the need for revenge—upon the guilty if possible, but in any case upon somebody. Stories of murders will find their way everywhere, even among people who never read: even in the wards of hospitals. Letty might forget that she had ever cared for a murderer in a deep flirtation with Tom Winter, who may have had his own reasons for so generously banishing a dangerous rival to Hong-Kong. Mr. Despard might set down murder as the natural and necessary outcome of being late for dinner—a less heinous offence, but far more fertile of general discomfort than murder.

But Alice, on her sick bed, with a glorious contempt for logic and the law of evidence, refused with an obstinacy only equalled by Letty's to understand how so kind a man could be a murderer—and of her own mother: it was too horridly impossible. She gave no reason for the faith that was in her, her instinct told her to believe, and she believed. And after all, is not that the only sort of belief worth having? Defend us from those who believe in us only when they have good cause: give us those who insist on believing in us because they love us, right or wrong. That sort of belief seldom errs.

Alice had burned with fever; now she burned with anxiety. She had been mourning for the dead; now fear for the living well nigh swallowed up her mourning. She clutched at every feather of news. The new fever had a strange effect upon her health. I will not say that the surgeon who had given her over was disappointed to find his predictions falsified, but he must forever after have had less faith in his own opinion. From the moment she heard of the charge against Harold Maynard her pulse began to beat less quickly, her heart more strongly, and a certain unsuspected elasticity of nature gave her a rebound from her illness. Her cheeks were no longer pale, but the color of health began to glow in them. And so it went with her till she was discharged—cured, and without a penny in the world. And yet she did not believe herself to be the rightful and defrauded heiress to two thousand pounds. If she had, she must have thought her hero a thief, and if a thief the murderer of her own mother: and she refused to believe anything of the kind, or rather was incapable of believing.

At last the day arrived when Harold Maynard—gentleman, of no occupation; an ill-omened designation—was to be brought up at Bow street, before the magistrate, charged with the murder of one Jane Despard.

Despard is not a particularly common name, though oddly enough, it occurs twice in this history, as that of a rich Chloa merchant and of a poor lodger in Powys-place. It would therefore have been natural enough for its owner not to have been present on the bench during the examination. Men as a rule, are not fond of having their names aired under such conditions. But pointing morals is a favorite pastime, however unwilling modest people may be to adorn tales. He who first thought of the idle apprentice and his virtuous contrast could have found no better illustration of the virtue of punctuality. Old Despard could see it all before him laid out like a map from the beginning. There was a Tom Idle before him in the dock, and beside him on the bench John Goodchild in the person of Tom Winter. Of course Letty was not there: but that was in consequence of a sacrifice of curiosity to the proprieties. Perhaps she might appear under a veil when the trial came, but she could not take part with self-respect in the vulgarities of a police-court: and besides, her father would not allow her.

All this happened but a short time ago, as a few fairly long memories for these hurried times will call to mind. But the passion for remands, for exhausting the funds of prisoners in preliminary investigations, and for turning a simple matter of business into a display of vanity and mutual admiration all round, had not come fully into fashion. It was quite possible that the examination of Harold Maynard might last no more than three weeks: some people said three days: a few thought even one day would be enough, as the prisoner was without counsel. But that remained to be seen. A clever prisoner, who wished to take full advantage of his situation, might give a good deal of trouble and delay, though without the advantage of legal training.

Harold Maynard felt his position there as an innocent man would—that is to say, he was overwhelmed with the shame popularly supposed to be one of the punishments peculiar to guilt by those who know nothing about the matter. Fear of death is a mere nothing to such shame, when the warm blood boils against the injustice of circumstances, not of man. He was alive to the actual peril in which he was standing, though not so much as to his name being bruited about as a murderer: to what Letty, the lost, would think of him; and last, but by no means least, how Alice would see mother's murderer in the man who had been planning, even in the midst of his own difficulties, how he could in some way make up to her for the many cruelties of destiny. But, as he was waiting and watching, with no more than just one shadowy touch of a halter round his neck, the ticking of the clock grew louder and louder, till it seemed

to become visible as well as audible. The half minutes could be seen. But they all seemed to obey and follow one arch half minute, that appeared to grin at him from the clock face with a diabolical grin. He had raised that, and no other, and it had haunted him and was destroying him. He might have lost any other half minute in the universe with impunity—this alone had been fatally gifted, and this alone he had made his enemy. And it had grown and grown till it had filled up the whole measure of all life and death, and bade fair to open the gate of eternity.

The evidence, in spite of all that could be done, did not take long. Indeed, the witnesses were few—the surgeon, the detective, and one or two others. Mr. Knaggs was not in court, but the prisoner's own statements as to admitting his presence in Powys-place at the time alleged made up for the want of that witness. It seemed likely that the examination of the prisoner would be concluded in a single day. And it was actually approaching conclusion and committal, when——

"May I say something?" said a sweet young voice from behind the dock.

"Certainly."

Harold Maynard looked at the new witness—and the fatal half minute descended from the clock-face, no longer a grinning imp, but tragically incarnate in Alice Despard. She was about to come forward as avenger—the harshest and sharpest scourge that Fate or time could ever find for him now.

And yet—as their eyes met—who shall explain electric sympathies? Though his reason told him this, he knew otherwise. There is marvellous magic at times in that sudden flash from eye to eye. She had obviously come but lately from her bed in the hospital: her glow looked hardly natural and as if the fever were still in her veins. Harold felt a strange pride in her thrill through him, as if he would rather meet his doom from her hands than from any that were meaner. If it were not love that ran through the air of the police-court from eyes to eyes, there can be no such thing: and love conscious, and visible. Love, thank Heaven, is not like Letty, and is blind to vulgarities, though clear-sighted about other things.

"Who are you?"

"Alice Despard."

"The daughter of—"

"Yes, sir."

"And what have you to say?"

"The prisoner is not guilty."

Of course all the people laughed at the notion of a young girl, a mere witness, taking upon herself the function of a jury—as if every one of those who laughed had not been privately doing the same thing. The magistrate himself smiled for a moment.

"Tell me why you think so."

"I don't think. I know it, sir."

That might be delightful nonsense to the court, but it was none to Harold Maynard. It was consolation in extremity.

"What are you?"

"I taught till—till she became ill: then I had to wait on her. I had a little money: it did not last for long But long enough, sir—nearly. We had to live as—as we best could at the end."

"You mean, I suppose, that the money found on the prisoner could not be yours, your mother's, because she had none? Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

But it so happened that the force of her argument was considerably weakened by the fact that a pauper had lately died with two hundred pounds in notes hidden in an old stocking. The old lady might have been a miser, but still the point was something.

"Have you anything more to say?"

"Yes, sir—he is not guilty. The money was not ours, and he closed her eyes and watched her all night through. He came to see me at the hospital and brought me her wedding-ring, on my finger now. He——"

"Then——" began the magistrate.

But a new witness rose from near him on the bench.

"I have something to say before you think of committal."

It was old Despard.

"Well?"

"My name is John Despard, merchant, of Hong Kong. I'm well-known. And I say that neither the prisoner nor the—Mrs. Despard, nor anybody could have known of the notes. Nobody ever touched them, and it was not the prisoner who secreted them."

"Who then?"

"It was I—thirty years ago. That portrait is of me. I placed the notes there with my own hands."

* * * * *

Let it be clearly understood, that not Harold Maynard, but old Despard is the hero of this history. Harold had done nothing heroic. He had only wasted half a minute, and looked after a girl whom he had nearly killed. For the rest he had been a hero in no more than the sense in which the heroes of Greek tragedies were heroes—in being the football of three Fates when ever they were disposed for a game. But for old Despard to get up in open court, though but in Bow street, and tell his story, was a piece of genuine heroism for a martyr to gout, who hated everybody near his toes and cared nothing for a soul beyond them.

Not that he told all in court—for he was a man who kept to the point, and a great deal concerned him only.

When that picture of the brown-eyed brown-faced young man was curiously handed along the bench for inspection under the eye of a police sergeant, its guardian, what dim but never-to-be-forgotten spring-tides returned to the heart of the still brown eyed but iron-haired man!—spring-tides when the sun was bright for him also, and when gout was unknown. Did he remember for whom that picture had been painted, and when? Did he remember his first love! Why, men will forget their last sooner—especially when the first and the last are one and the same. For Letty's mother had not been particularly lovable; and that perhaps accounted a little for Letty, apart from her beauty. But Jane Morris had been eminently lovable—and she accounted for Alice, the girl with the one virtue of standing up for the man she loved, without rhyme, reason, or power to help him, just because he was down. Of course old Despard, then young Despard—very young—had married Jane Morris, who of course had not a penny. And of course the old Despard of those days parted them; and the course of true love, not the less for being married love, ran rough, and the old story ran in the old groove; and the husband had to go out to China in a slow sailer, and the wife was to be cared for at home. It was then that young Despard sent his wife his picture stuffed with bank-notes—all he had—and worked his way out before the mast by way of compensation, and was reported dead—to his wife: and when the young man came back in those unletter-writing slow-sailing days it was to find her dead as well as gone: so he was told.

And now it seemed that the very money had been thrown away. It was more than strange to find himself face to face, then and there, with his own old young self of thirty years ago. And there in the witness-box stood Jane's child; yes, as like Jane at her age as his own child could be, and—well, he forgot the gout, and was a man.

"The prisoner is discharged."

That woke old Despard from his reverie, and his waking left him very much ashamed. He had made a fool of himself in public—a thing he had never done in his life before, though in private no doubt as frequently as most men. He had raked up the ghosts of dead days, and set them up as a targets for a Bow street jeer. He had opened his heart; he would have opened his purse sooner.

"The carriage," he growled savagely to Tom Winter. "And bring me the girl. I can't speak to her here."

"You mean to adopt her—to acknowledge her?"

"What's that to you?"

* * * * *

"No, sir, thank you."

It was Alice speaking to old Despard.

"You won't? Don't you know you are my daughter—my first wife's daughter? Do you think I'll let you go out teaching again, or live differently from Letty?"

"Am I your daughter?"

"Whose else should you be? You're as like me in the nose as two peas; but you've got Jane's eyes. And that fellow—that unpunctual fellow Maynard—I'm half sorry I got him off after spoiling a good dinner; that fellow closing Jane's eyes! I wish with all my heart I'd let him be hanged."

"It was being with her, sir, that kept him——"

"As if I did not know! As if that made me like him any the better! As if I didn't know that I ought to have—no, it wouldn't have done; he'd have been losing his confounded time, in Hong Kong. I'll get him somewhere, and let him go the devil his own way; and you'll come with me."

"Sir——"

"And don't call me sir."

"I have promised—to go with him."

Letty, had she been standing side by side with her sister before the glass, would not have been pleased with the comparison just then.

"With him? Who's him?"

"Mr. Maynard asked me to marry him, and I said yes."

"I see. He thinks he is going to get one of old Despard's daughters, after all. Then all I can say is, if you go with him you don't get a penny from me. I'll give that very two thousand to a hospital—St. Martin's if you like—but——"

Alice smiled once more. How could she tell that what her father hinted about her lover might not be true? But she did tell—somehow.

"How do you mean to live?" asked old Despard, who caught the smile and was not soothed.

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Then, by the Lord Harry, you shall know? I'll—I'll—I'll—confound you, I'll send you both to Hong-Kong!"

* * * * *

On the deck, not of the Ganges, but of the Euphrates, Harold Maynard and Alice, his wife, were standing arm in arm, watching the everyday wonders of the sea and feeling the every day wonders of love in one another. He was on his way to fortune, after all.

Suddenly there was a commotion near them. A wave had carried something under the stern, and a boat had been lowered.

It was only a glass bottle. But that means much five hundred miles from shore.

The captain of the Euphrates opened it, and read:

"Lat. —, long. —. Ganges, of London, for Hong-Kong, sinking with all hands. Boats swamped. Forward to Preston & Co., Southampton."

That was all. Harold looked gravely at his wife. She knew all that was passing in his mind.

If he had *not* been HALF A MINUTE LATE he would have sailed in the Ganges, have never seen Alice, and been at this very moment at the bottom of the sea.

[THE END.]

The Bouquet.

BY M. B.

OLIVER WARTOP had prospered in business.

He was the scion of an ancient family, and an enviable future seemed to lie before him.

Rumor had connected his name matrimonially with the future happiness of one of the city's fairest daughters, and the wealthy banker rather encouraged its circulation than ventured to contradict it. And, when it became gossip, Wartop, with many smiles, admitted the existence of the engagement.

It was quite late one night when the wealthy lover returned home from the club which he frequented.

He passed into the house, closing the door behind him, but the sound had not died away when a female figure glided from the shadow of the bay window and mounted the steps.

She raised the knocker with a timorous hand, and the sound startled Wartop at the head of the stair.

"Someone at the door at this hour?" he asked himself. "Why, I have just entered the house. My visitor must have mistaken the place."

This exclamation dropped from his lips as he opened the door, and behold the figure on the steps.

"Here," he said, thrusting his hand into his pocket, "I have little change about my person, but——"

"I do not want money, though I have precious little," was the interruption, and the rich man felt his hand pushed rudely aside.

"Then what do you want?"

"I want to talk with you."

"Come in then," he said.

And the unknown one then stepped half-timidly into the lofty hall, and thence, by his invitation into the parlor.

With eager fingers the young Croesus turned on the gas and looked at his visitor. But the next moment he shrank like a guilty man. His face was ashen white, and his eyes seemed ready to leap from their sockets.

A very beautiful face it was, framed in raven hair, but wan and white from suffering.

For a full minute the twain looked into each other's eyes, and then Oliver Wartop breathed a name that made the woman start:

"Editha!"

She advanced a single step and answered him:

"At last," she said. "Do you know that we have not met for five years? Oliver, those have been long and weary years to me. They said that you were lost when the Golden Horn went down, and I believed them. The marriage ceremony performed at the chapel at the dead hour of midnight has not been forgotten. It is recorded in heaven as well as in the book. I waited until the last bird of hope had fled reluctant from my breast, and then put on the widow's weeds."

She pause as if to let him speak, but, as he kept silent, she resumed:

"My heart beat for joy when I discovered that you were not dead—that the waves had not engulfed you. I felt that the old love still burned in your heart, and, to test it, I am here. Our boy is dead. God took his little soul before sin could find a lodgment there, and I laid him away among the buttercups. I called him Oliver, after you."

Then the banker found his tongue.

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

His words, harsh and cold, almost staggered her.

"That is a strange question," she said. "I hear that you are going to marry again; but, oh! Oliver, that cannot be. You cannot forget the vows taken that night. I come to be owned. You hold the certificate of our marriage I confided it to your keeping; for, as God is my witness, I loved you with my whole soul."

"You must be wild, Editha Wynant."

"No, no! not that name!" cried the woman, with hands outstretched in pleading. "I am your wife. I bear your name; the law and God say I do. I am not Editha Wynant!"

"What! acknowledge you to be my wife! Why girl, think who I am—one of the princes of this mart of the world. You have reached a gulf which you can never cross. Go and take a lover from among the cliffs of Dover. That ceremony in the chapel, girl, may not have been binding——"

"It was, it was!" and the speaker's eyes flashed madly for the first time. "Do not seek to cast a stain on the baby-coffin. Remember, it contains the bones of my dead—and yours. I ask my rights. I seek justice; that is all. I am your wife, and you know it. Be a man and let the world know that there was a woman who trusted her first love to your keeping."

"I cannot do it."

"Cannot?"

"I will not."

"Then the harvest of your sowing shall be terrible, for I swear that the scorned wife—the fisherman's daughter—shall stand justified before the world."

And with the last sentence still on her ashen lips, she passed from the room.

The closing of the door roused him; he started, looking wildly around the sumptuous chamber, and fell to the floor like a bullet-stricken man.

* * * * *

The belles and beaus were on the *qui vive*, for cards for the nuptials of Oliver Wartop and Earlie Feast had been issued, and their recipients were smiling their gratification and delight.

Oliver Wartop had ceased to think of the blow which had stricken him in his residence, and it was evident that the scorned Editha would trouble him no more.

He completed his wedding toilette in his princely home, and at last, when everything was ready, entered the carriage that stood before the mansion.

The coachman swung the door, and had just settled down on to his box, when a girlish figure glided to the window.

She held a bouquet in one of her *petite* hands, and with the other she opened the carriage door.

"Will one of the city's princes accept a bouquet on this happiest day?" she said, and then as Wartop extended his hand for the gift, she added:

"May the love of the bride dwell for ever with the man who salutes her with a kiss to-night."

"Thanks, my little one," said the man in the carriage. "Such gifts as these are to be desired more than silver and gold."

As if to prove his speech, the gratified banker thrust money into the white hands, and the vehicle rolled away.

"I do not want a penny of your money, Oliver Wartop!" hissed the bestower of the bouquet, and the next moment she cast it into the gutter. "Go to your bride; but, my soul! what a terrible altar!"

She looked at the carriage until it disappeared, when she turned on her heel and walked away, with raised head, revealing the features of Editha, the rejected.

* * * * *

The church was filled to inconvenience by the *elite* of the city, but the arrival of the last guest found the bridegroom still absent.

Why did not Oliver Wartop come?

Earlie Feast, whose heart he had won, and whose sunny hair was crowned with a wreath of orange-blossoms, waited impatiently for his coming.

At last, the banker's carriage rolled up to the door.

Then an exclamation drew several gentlemen to the spot, and they beheld Wartop lying apparently asleep among the cushions.

But his eyes were half open, and a beautiful bouquet seemed ready to drop from his hand.

The cry was raised that the bridegroom was dead!

Amid indescribable excitement, Oliver Wartop was borne to Mr. Feast's mansion, and pale and frightened faces bent over him, while the beautiful child of luxury who was to have been his bride, lay in one of the festooned rooms, struck senseless by the blow.

Death from disease of the heart is what the doctors said.

In Earlie's home the merry laugh grew still, and one by one the shuddering guests stole away. They left the dead banker with the deadly bouquet, which had been taken from the carriage lying on his breast. But its beauties were fading, and the odor of the poison which had stained the leaves had departed with a life.

The tragic occurrence spread like wild-fire over the city, and while hundreds were discussing it, a sad-looking woman thought:

"He would not give me justice, so I struck the second blow. What, see him—little Oliver's father—the would-be husband of another while I lived? Never. The world does not dream that his widow lives; it is thinking of his almost bride. Death lurked in my last gift to him. I shall go back to a baby grave now."

On the following day Editha went away.

Strange to say, the beautiful and fragile instrument of death was buried with Editha's victim, the almost bride received a letter that told her all.

"I struck him for both of us," the letter said, and Earlie shuddered as she laid it away.

SEWING.

A new and tender charm my heart hath learned,
Bright are those eyes, where'er their wanderings be,
Those lily hands at all times dear to me;
But [illegible] to-day, thy wrapt attention turned
Unto thy needle's task, and I discerned
A [illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible] soul with [illegible] yearned.
It is a touching, yea, a sacred scene;
For in each move, each little fit and start,
Each listless pause that those deft fingers take
Some hidden impulse lies. It is a screen
Drawn oftentimes to hide the gentle heart
That steals away to dream, exult—or break.

The Lost and Found.

BY H W

THE delicious landscapes of Auvergne, in France, were smiling in the soft light of a serene summer morning long years ago.

In a steep, craggy pass in the Mont d'Or, near the limit of which divides the pine forest from the treeless rock, were grouped irregularly among the gorse and broom along the banks, a dozen or more of the low tents of that persecuted race with a bright wood fire blazing on a level spot in the centre, and a huge caldron suspended over it from the immemorial tripod.

Part of the carcass of a deer was suspended from one of the pine trees, a noble wild boar was giving employment to the dexterous butchery of a handsome, bright skinned youth of some twenty years, while two or three younger urchins were coming up towards the fire, with several strings of brilliant spotted trout, which they had just snared in the pools of the mountain stream. Several women were employed in culinary operations about the fire, and about a dozen powerful men were lounging about at a short distance, waiting apparently for their morning meal.

Three or four little horses stood saddled, with high peaked Turkish saddles and stirrups, and long Moorish curbs, under the guardianship of an impish looking boy, not far from the largest tent of the encampment, about which there was going on a sort of silent and subdued bustle, indicative of some serious event passing within. On the summit of the craggy pinnacle, overlooking the whole scene, and commanding a view of the surrounding landscape for leagues in distance, sat, motionless as an eagle on its eyrie, and scanning all within the horizon with something not far inferior to that bird's pervading vision, a gipsy boy dressed not undesignedly in clothes so similar in hue to the gray stone, that it would have been a quick eye that should detect his presence even within clear eyeshot.

Suddenly the watcher uttered the alarm cry of the gray goss-hawk, several of which birds frequented the rocks, and in a moment the encampment was on the alert, but not, it would seem, alarmed; and a moment afterward a young man entered it, coming up the gorge of the stream, his whole appearance, and the dust and sweat with which his dress was covered, showing the speed at which he had journeyed, as clearly as the materials of his dress showed him to be a man of some importance among his people.

"How fares it with Duke Harant?" he asked of the first man he encountered.

The angel of death abides his time," was the answer, "and will not be prevented. But Hiram is not ready to go. His work is not ended; and till it shall be accomplished, his will is too strong within him, and he may not pass away. Hasten, son of the wise one, he awaits thee."

The young man bowed his head, and passing on in silence, entered the largest tent with an air of grave anxiety.

The scene within was striking. At the farther end of the low canvass tent, propped up as if on a couch by a pile of saddle-cloths and housings, there reclined a man whose years had far exceeded the allotted threescore and ten of the psalmist, but whose life was ebbing away, it was clear to see, not by the agency of natural causes, but by bodily violence.

He had a white turban on his head, with precious rings in his ears, and a gold chain, to which hung an amulet about his neck; but his chest was swathed about with gory bandages, from which protruded the shaft of a broken javelin, the head of the weapon buried deep between his ribs, and not to be removed except at the expense of life.

Three or four elders of the tribe sat around grave and silent, all showing by the presence of recent wounds that they had been engaged in some late affray; and one youth, younger than the new comer, whose face buried in his hands and his frame shivering convulsively, showed the depth of his sufferings. One very aged woman, half withdrawn in the shadow of the tent, hung over the dying chief, motionless, speechless, giving no sign of grief, but gazing on his unmoved agonies with a set, yearning, fascinated stare, more frightful than the wildest sorrow; and two girls, one a slender, dark haired, fawn-eyed gipsy, the other, a lovely, fair-haired, blue-eyed European child, wondrously beautiful, and showing both in form and feature every sign of the noblest race, crouched on a carpet at his feet. The old man's eye flashed as the youth entered, and spoke in a clear voice to his son.

"It is well," he said, as if reading his errand in his features. "She will come!"

"She will come," replied the young man, "but with men at-arms. As ever, the house-dwellers hatch treason against us. Their swords will drink our blood and their nooses choke us like dogs, when they shall have recovered the hawthorne blossom."

"When did the spirit of prophecy overshadow you?" asked the old man gravely, "or is it not rather the spirit of self confidence and presumption? It is obedience I need of the sons of my loins, not counsel, nor the tidings of what shall be—that is present to me as the past. When will she come?"

"She set forth on the instant that she received your token, tarrying only until they could make her palfrey ready, and get a dozen spearmen into the saddle. She will be here when the sun reaches the zenith."

"It is enough. Let my people strike their tents, and pack them on the horses and begone. Lead them over the rocks where there is no soil to show a footprint till you come to the stream below the waterfall. Follow the channel to the great cavern, and there lie hid three days, lighting no fire, nor stirring save at night. The third night there will be no moon; then up and away, journeying at the mirk hour only, till you come to the great stones of Karnak, in the land they call Brittany. There read the stars well, and they will tell you truly. Trust not the house dwellers, forgive no injury, forget no wrong. Where force fails let fraud win. Sons of the star gleam, children of the mist, tribes of the tent, forward and fare ye well! This night, Haran shall be your duke no longer, but Terek, son of Haran, son of Algemath, son of the old kings. Let him take his sister Lena to his wife, and sit in my place at the fire, and lead my people in the fray. Terek, Lena, my people, do you hear me?"

"And obey," replied all the tribesmen, who were assembled in the tent, and the aged women, and the young gipsy girl, and the youth who had entered; and that said, without offering to dispute the least particular of his wish, one of the older men went out and gave directions for instant departure. Within fifteen minutes it was announced that all was ready.

"Forward then, and farewell," said the man, firmly. "But first your hands, my children all." And one by one, from the highest to the lowest, each of the tribe, male and female, kissed his hand, and bade him farewell

Then the white girl was briefly and sternly commanded to re-enter the tent of the dying man—a command which she appeared too well used to the Bohemian usages to dispute. And in less time than it takes to relate it, every tent was struck, every article removed, and the tribe had passed away, without leaving so much as a vestige to show whither they were gone.

Only one dying man lay painfully breathing in the tent, with the terrified child weeping by his side, and the wild boy sat motionless on his crag seeing all things, unseen by any eye. In less than an hour after the gipsies had departed, the trampling of horses sounded up the glen, and the clash of armor and the sound of voices. A brief pause, and then the canvass was drawn from the tent door, and a tall fair, very pale, very sad looking, very noble lady entered, accompanied by two gentlemen—one an old, gray-haired seneschal, the other a young esquire, fully equipped in bright steel harness.

One glance at that white lady, at that child, sufficed to show the relationship; and, at once the mother, by aid of fond, long-cherished memory, the child unaided save by the instinct of nature, sprang each into the other's arms.

"My child!"

"My mamma!"

The old man looked on with a grim smile, half sarcastic, half repentant.

"Lady de Chateauguyon, the time has come; the doom is decreed. Haran, the son of Algemath, has kept his word plighted to the dead; even to Enguerrand de Chateauguyon—that he would keep his daughter innocent and safe in the tents of his people until the doom of her race should be decreed, and the enemy, who was then in her house of life, harmless. Lo, it is done! The bad lord of Roche d'Or is as harmless as the dead; as still as the eternity to which I am going. Lady of Chateauguyon take your child, for I am weary of the world, and fain would be, what I shall be, or ere the sun reach the zenith—nothing!"

The lady's tears, the lady's thanks, the lady's prayers that he would suffer her to tend his dying moments, that he would receive spiritual aid, provoked only that fiendish smile.

"Thank me not—the thanks of your race to mine are curses. I repent me of but one deed in my life—that I once did good to your race unrequited; for the rest, begone."

His terrible enunciation drove them in terror from his deathbed; but a mother's blessing for a restored and rescued child went up to the Throne of Grace.

The Wrecked Life.

BY M. V.

"HERE, Jessica!"

Only a slight movement of the slender figure and an impatient upraising of the graceful shoulders about which a blood red silken scarf was twisted, betokened that she heard and intimated an insolent—

"Well?"

"Jessica!" repeated the vibrant, deep-toned voice, so sternly, so slowly, so horribly passionate, that Jessica Garside dared not disdain to notice it longer.

She came lazily forward into the room.

"Well? What will you have of me?" she questioned, petulantly, of the speaker, but without raising her conscious eyes from the silken fringes she was letting slip through her milk-white hands like blood pouring from an ivory chalice.

"Look at me, Jessica!" demanded her visitor. "I shall know if it be true when I see your eyes."

And then Jessica knew for a certainty that Eban Dorchester had heard of her betrothal to La Forest.

But she raised her face defiantly towards the tall, dark, grave man, and asked coldly:

"What is it concerning which you desire to hear the truth?"

The mocking eyes, the cold voice, the repellent, emotionless face had answered him.

"Nothing!" he muttered, so hoarsely, so fiercely, so bitterly, that the girl shrunk back with a little gesture of alarm.

And then the idolatrous love which Eban Dorchester felt for this fair woman suddenly revived.

He threw open his strong arms and caught the girl in a mad embrace.

"Afraid of me—afraid of me, Jessica! My God! that I should live to see my little love shrink from me in fear!"

Then, as his prisoner struggled to free herself, he bound her closer to his breast, crying:

"It was your fault, Jessica! I thought you meant to marry La Forest; but I am mistaken—I am mistaken. Tell me that I am mistaken, love!"

"I am to marry Mr. La Forest—I have told him that I would, so let me go!" exclaimed Jessica, ceasing to struggle against the iron fetters of his powerful arms.

"Let you go! Never! Do you think I will let him have you—can I lose you? No. Jessica, you will drive me mad! You do not mean it. You have promised yourself to me. You are my heaven. Surely I adore you enough! You could not be unhappy with me, dear love!" he pleaded desperately, interspersing his incoherent sentences with savage k[illegible]

And it seemed that any woman beloved of this man must have melted into pitiful, passionate love under the torrid breath of such awful, utter devotion.

But Jessica Garside answered carelessly.

"Be happy, shut up with you in your miserable Hermitage, worse than this horrible old mansion, when I can have riches, and station, and the gay world? Oh, indeed I cannot."

But now he released her, holding the slight, graceful form at arm's length, and addressed her in a monotonous whisper:

"Jessica, did you never love me when you used to run and nestle into my arms, and stroke my face with those sweet hands, and picture the life we would have at the old Hermitage together?"

"I don't know," said Jessica, slowly, without looking into the strangely gleaming eyes and ghastly face above her. "I thought there was nothing for me to do but marry you when the time came for Dolores and I to be turned out of this old house; and so I tried to make the best of it. But, once for all, I m sure that I do not love you now that I can be Mrs. La Forest."

His vibrant voice rose again into a savage bass, his ghastly face was distorted with the agony of his passion's death-struggle, his woeful eyes gleamed desperately. With one strong hand he drew his love again to his breast; the other closed about the girl's white neck.

Jessica looked up in deadly terror, but the shriek in which it would have vented itself died stifled in her throat.

"You never loved me, girl! I was your dupe, your fool, just because I was your necessity! But I loved you—I love you still. That yellow hair that has tangled itself in my beard—those eyes that have smiled into mine—those red lips that have drained at my heart—and I will not see you lift those lips, with their accursed witchery, to another man's mouth! Dead, you will be mine! Dead, these arms may claim you while one particle of this delicate form is still in existence; and so you shall die!"

He stooped to kiss her first, to snatch one more taste from those glowing lips, before the strong hand crushed out all life from the horrified, piteous eyes.

But Dolores entered.

With one quick, commanding word the pale woman rescued Jessica from her lover's mad clasp.

Stop

And Dorchester's hands dropped at the mandate of that voice, as despairing as his own, before the sublime entreaty and agony of her haunting eyes.

She pushed Jessica from them both.

"Go! I do not wonder that he hates you. I hate you, too! Go to La Forest and be happy—if you can. You have known all the time that you were breaking this man's heart, that you were breaking mine as well. That I would have died to have won from him the smallest of love's favors, while you, with your false lips, was enkindling in his soul a flame that could but consume it. I know that his heart and soul are dead, that he will never love me; but all the same, I could not let him kill you. Go!"

And that night, since the year was almost ended during which the heirs of this old estate would allow Jessica and Dolores Garside to remain under the sheltering roof where their uncle had brought them last, and where he had died, Jessica went with La Forest to the chaperonage of his stately, wealthy mother.

"Is this true, Dolores?" asked Eban Dorchester, as Jessica sped from the gloomy room.

"True."

"And I have no heart to give you, and my life is not worth your taking!"

She silenced him with a gesture of her hand, that said as plainly as words could have done, that she knew that love was burned out of his heart for ever, and she could take nothing less.

"And what shall you do?"

"Go to town and connect myself with some sisterhood. And you?"

"I go straight to a doom that that girl has unfolded for me. Up to this in my life I have been master of a deadly inherited appetite. I feel now that it is master of me. I shall dwell in the opium-eater's paradise and die the opium eater's wretched death."

"Oh, Heaven, if I could save you!" Dolores cried in agony.

"Ah, if you but could! It is a hopeless thought. Farewell, Dolores. After all I am glad you did not let me kill her."

Dorchester strode away, and behind him Dolores Garside lay faint upon the spot where he had stood while her sister had killed his soul.

* * * * *

"Go to see Eban Dorchester die, receive his forgiveness? How horrible! Rather he should ask for mine. No, I will not go."

And yet she went.

Some irresistible influence compelled Jessica La Forest to obey the summons of an unsigned note that had commanded her to repair to the Hermitage immediately.

At the sound of her light knock a tall, pale, stern eyed woman, in the garb of a sacred order, appeared and silently led the way to the curtained couch where a man with livid, sunken cheeks; hollow, closed eyes; matted, unkempt hair, and beard straggling darkly against the awful ashiness of his emaciated face, a repulsive wreck of humanity from which Mrs La Forest started back in affright, lay dying.

"See," said Dolores, sternly, "this is your work!"

Jessica shuddered, and drew further back.

"Is he dead?" she whispered.

"I am afraid he is too far gone to recognize you."

"No, no," said a sepulchral voice from the bed. "I can come back from death long enough for that. Come here and see those flames. You kindled them. I am always seeing your face there, all alight with a lurid glare. Ah you shudder. That pleases me. Come here, fiend, come nearer, I say. I can feel the fires withering my flesh and [illegible] at my breath, and you shall feel them too. Ha! there is your face in them again. Don't you see it your self?"

He sank back exhausted, and Jessica fell into a chair paralyzed with horror.

But presently he spoke again, and the last effort of his departing mind was a relation, one.

"Jessica, Jessica! Has she gone, Dolores?"

"No, she is here!"

"Then tell her that her husband is dead—that I knew it in time to inherit his property—that having no children I am his next of kin—and that I have left it all to you, Dolores. Where is she? I want to see how she takes this news—husband and property both gone."

But before his glaring eyes could look upon Jessica's affrighted face, he fell suddenly back—dead.

"Is it so, Dolores?" questioned Jessica, [illegible] her loathsome face averted from the horrible spectacle upon the bed.

"Yes; his lawyers telegraphed the news this morning, and will be awaiting you at home to break it to you gently. Go, now, to your sorrow and your just punishment."

And as Jessica left the Hermitage, Dolores softly laid her cold white face upon the dead one that in its utmost repulsiveness had been dear to her, and was thankful that the wrecked life had drifted into anchorage at last.

Simon Cameron was 80 years of age on the 8th of March last, but retains his early mental and bodily vigor

Our Young Folks.

A SECRETARY'S ADVENTURES.

"STAR of my life," said a secretary bird upon a tree in Senegambia, addressing the partner of his affections, "do you not think it is time for our children to make some attempt at learning to walk?"

Mrs Secretary tried to answer "Yes," but I grieve to say that her voice was completely drowned by the inmates of the nest beside her.

"No, no, please, father!" cried Horny-spur, the eldest

"I'm afraid," murmured Long-legs, the second.

"Wait a little longer," croked Black-crest, the third.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Secretary, remorselessly: "you are four months old to day and it is high time to begin. Come down at once!"

So saying he raised his graceful wings and swooped to the ground followed by his awkward hopefuls, who, with an immense amount of fluttering against branches trying to hold on to slender twigs which gave way beneath their weight, and of screaming their remonstrances, at length reached terra firma

"Now, attention!" said their instructor with great importance "Stand in a row! steady, advance! the right leg first, keep upright!"

So he kept them for some time

"There, I have dribled them enough for one morning," he said at length, with an air of satisfaction as he ordered his puplets back to their domicile "There is not flying like a good beginning, my dear; now I mean to go for a snake, as it is a long time since breakfast."

He flew a long distance before meeting any specimens of his favorite food.

At last, in a rocky hollow he descried the form of a large black serpent which was coiled up fast asleep Having struck at and stunned the snake, he completed his performance by spoiling the skull of his victim by a blow from his sharp beak and demolishing him (which needed wisdom)

Just as he had finished he was seen by a party of gentlemen who were out lion hunting, and one of them, a Frenchman, on seeing the combat between the bird and the serpent became greatly excited, and cried

"Ah! if my poor brother had one, two, half a dozen of those fine birds, how happy, how very much grateful he would be! Lend me assistance to capture him"

"Surely, monsieur, if you like," said one of the men good naturedly; and making a running noose with a piece of cord, he crept silently up to where Mr. Secretary was and slipped the snare adroitly over his plumed head, to the great delight of Monsieur Sylvestre, who immediately secured his prize at last, and gave him to one of the black attendants with strict injunctions to take good care of him

Meanwhile the occupants of the baobab tree became exceedingly hungry

Master Horny spur, getting tired of waiting for something to satisfy the cravings of his appetite, had determined to forage for himself, and tumbled out of the nest without being seen by his mother Upon descending he had to his great delight, spied a small porcupine, who had strayed out too late that morning and was scuttling home in a great hurry to bed.

Master Hornyspur thought he was sure of a meal, and he bolted awkwardly up to the animal, who, on seeing his approach, stopped in terror, and the bird, knowing the cast-iron beak his dear papa made a fierce peck at the head of his expected prey, who had his head in his fore paws and raised his bristles Hornyspur missed his blow, and one of the quills pierced him so close to his eye that it hurt him very much, so he desisted from his attempted slaughter and roved around the ground in great agony, attracting his mamma's attention.

She examined his eye, and finding it little hurt told him to get in the nest and stay there while she went to seek his father.

She did not return for some time, and then indeed she might have some excuse for her ejaculations, for the tree on which her domicile was situated was surrounded by men, who were just completing a most scientific tying they had placed round the legs of her darling children whom they now consigned to captivity along with their father.

When the bereaved mother bird came within range one of the sportsmen put a bullet through one of her long wings, and in a few seconds she was also a captive in the hands of the Frenchman.

This gentleman, after his return home, sent the birds to his brother in the Isle of Martinique who was almost compelled to leave his estate on account of its being so infested by serpents, saying they would exterminate them

As soon as the birds arrived the gentleman to whom they were sent gave orders that they should be set loose in his yard first tying their wings in order that they might perform the double duty of keeping off the deadly snakes and killing rats, with which his offices were infested; and then the old gentleman retired to rest with a more comfortable feeling than he had had for some time, and in blissful ignorance of the fact that secretary birds with pinioned wings were useless.

Next morning, however, he was aroused at an early hour by a prodigious cackling and shouting in the yard, and soon a half-dressed negro burst into his room, crying:

"Oh, massa! de birds! De great bird him eat up little chicken, big chicken, all kinds of fowls; him walk about so mighty grand on him long legs; crack, bang, one chicken skull split; too bad, massa!"

"Well, well!" said poor Monsieur Sylvestre.

And monsieur hurrying on his clothes, made his way to the yard, where the five secretaries were stationed, each guarded by a black man, and other negroes displayed in triumph the carcasses of two plump chickens, two more having already disappeared down the throats of the culprits.

"Look, massa, look, very bad bird!" cried all the retainers in chorus.

"Let Sambo kill him, massa!" said one bolder than the others, advancing towards Mr Secretary in a threatening attitude; but the bird, breaking away from the negro who held him, ran round the yard and finally escaped.

He ran on without stopping for a long time, and at length took refuge in a deep hole. He had only been concealed a few minutes when he saw in a tree close to him a hideous serpent, whose fierce glassy eyes were fixed upon our hero.

Mr. Secretary was preparing to fight, when, to his surprise, another serpent, about six feet in length and of a black and yellow color, rose from the ground, and gliding up a brilliant convolvulus which twined round the tree he attacked the snake in his stronghold with great vigor

A fierce combat ensued which Mr. Secretary watched with great interest. At last the latter had put an end to the other, and having first descended to the ground, proceeded to swallow his late antagonist head foremost.

This was our hungry bird's opportunity. He waited till the conquerer had partially sucked in the dead body of his victim, and then with one peck put an end to him.

He then eat him and got a good dinner; but our poor hero, finding it impossible for him to obtain his accustomed food in his crippled condition, at last determined to return at nightfall to the yard where his family were imprisoned, and ask if they could manage to release him

Monsieur Sylvestre had in the meantime untied the poor birds, and merely clipped a few feathers from each wing, enough to prevent flight, but not to cripple them. Since this wise precaution had been adopted no serpent had dared to show its glittering body near the place.

When the inhabitants were all wrapped in slumber, Mr. Secretary cautiously approached, and stealing up to one of the gates, he called in a low voice

"Wife, children, come here; don't make a noise"

Mrs. Secretary and her companions rushed to the barrier, and squeezing their heads through the rails stretched their long necks outside.

When the family had been allowed to gratify their tender passions to a sufficient extent, Mr. Secretary explained his discomfort and asked the advice of his family.

"Well," answered the mother, "I think if we all caught hold of the piece of cord which goes round your body, and give it a good twitch at the same time, it would come off, and that would loosen the other tyings"

"Then try it," said Mr. Secretary.

In a few minutes the tyings were removed and Mr. Secretary had the use of his wings again.

After staying with his family till near daybreak, he bid them good bye, and left on an exploring expedition.

One brilliant morning our hero perceived some distance off at sea a curious object which attracted his attention—it looked like a log of wood, and yet appeared to move as if it were alive. It proved to be a large Boa.

Mr. Secretary at first quailed at the size of the reptile, but his natural courage and self importance soon revived. So he darted at the Boa with his usual fury, but ah! poor bird, he had not calculated the strength or ferocity of his opponent; the serpent sprang upon him, and wreathing its glistening folds around Mr. Secretary's body, soon crushed him to death.

Mrs. Secretary and her family continued for a length of time to act as serpent hunters for Monsieur Sylvestre who often, when enjoying his siesta without any fear of danger, fell asleep murmuring, "My good brother did me a real service when he sent me those useful birds."

A little girl surprised a company of visitors by her knowledge of the Creator's works. At the dinner table one day, when [illegible] was being served, [illegible] "Mamma, God makes everybody's eye. He never makes two, but never forgets to put only one in a bee's head, and papa has to buy them two." When the latter got through laughing at the remark at the company dispersed the little one wished she had been built like a washboiler.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 1708 Wallace Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 41. BOWANT-TREE.

No. 42.
A L
M E
O X
R I
O C
S O
O N

No. 43. RUSSIAN

No. 44.
U N C U T
N O R T H
C R A T E
U T T E R
T H E R E

No. 45. TONSURED.

No. 46.
S
L A C
C A T E R
N A T U R A L
C A M E R A T E D
B E R A T E D
L A T E R
N E D
D

No. 47. OVER-COAT.

No. 48.
C A B A G A N
B A L A N U S
P E R U S E R
P A R A D E S
B Y N A M E S
M A R I T A L
S A R A C E N

No. 49. LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP.

No. 50.
L
F E D
P A G E S
P O L I C E D
P A L A T I N E S
L E G I T I M A T E D
D E C I M E T E R
S E N A T O R
D E T E R
S E M
D

No. 51. NUMERICAL.

The whole composed of nine letters is a kind of fruit

The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is a plant.
The 6 7 8 9 is a raisin

New York City. KOS

No. 52. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1 To crowd.
2. A [illegible]
3. A verse
4. A consideration
5. To portray
6. A patriotic.

PRIMALS—A city
CENTRALS—A genus of plants
FINALS—An animal

Baltimore, Md. RANDOLPH

No. 53. CHARADE.

An wicked Paris a traversed,
I often passed beneath the FIRST.

External angle of a roof
Is SEAT in Webster find the proof.

A certain saying is the THIRD,
Extravagant, I oft have heard.

The FOURTH the fashion, thus I state:
It also means to circulate.

We'll use the WHOLE whenever we
May visit the Ægean Sea.

Philadelphia, Pa. WILKINS MICAWBER.

No. 54. SQUARE.

1. Petrified.
2. A plant
3. Meat cured
4. A district.
5. Desirous
6. Glanced contemptuously.

Brooklyn, N. Y. DEAR EQUIER.

No. 55 (Cross Words).

In scent not in rains,
In girl not in dame,
In row not in line,
In cord not in twine,
In stake not in pole,
In port not in wine,
A fine great
Of Eastern state.

Camden, N. J QUITS.

No. 56. DIAMOND.

Across 1 A letter of
2. A fish
3 Made flat
4 Resorting to stupor
5 Prophetic.
6 A seed
7 Furnished with a roof.
8. A treasure.
9 A river

Down 1 A river
2 A flock of wool
3 Doomed
4 A candle
5 Night mare
6. Imposition.
7 Bevel
8. Wolfram.
9 A letter

Lexington, Ky. FLEWY ANN.

No. 57. CHARADE.

To many vessels I may you know
Destruction prove or woe,
And for my SECOND vessels go
Across the raging sea.

My WHOLE have many often found—
Till found no rest they see—
Though oft their search the world around,
A fruitless quest will be.

Philadelphia, Pa. ICICLE.

No. 58. HALF SQUARE.

1. A messenger.
2. Arranged.
3 [illegible]
4. A goddess
5. Fish.
6 Sailors.
7. A river of East Prussia.
8. A title.
9. A force.
10 A letter.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No 59. ANAGRAM.

Here is a tale so often told,
The title groweth rather old.

STRANGE MAID HIDES MR. MUM.

Camden, N. J. LOCKSLEY.

No 60. DIAMOND.

1. A consonant begins the strain;
2. A sick name for a clown;
3. A well who [illegible] again,
4. A fortress [illegible]
5. Sarcastic language [illegible]
6. Leaves growing up and down.
7. Impregnated with balm for pain;
8. A naval hero shown
9. With this word please to tax your brain,
'Tis subsequent you'll own.
10. A blind man guided through a lane;
11. A letter found in drone.

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1st. The POST six months, for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2nd. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

3rd. The POST ten weeks for best pair of Eleven Letter Diamonds received by March 20th.

4th. The POST ten weeks for best pair of Ten Letter Half Squares received by March 20th.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of Feb. 15th were solved by Gil Blas, O. W. L., A. Solver, Stud, Asian, O. C. O. La., Oconee, Afloat.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1st. Gil Blas,	Washington, D. C.
2nd O W L.,	Honduat, N. Y.
3rd. Gil Blas,	Washington, D. C

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions not acknowledged here are respectfully declined.

HAZARD—Two diamonds and a half square; Comet—Rhomboid, diamond, and numerical; O. C. O. La.—Two Rhomboids; Gil Blas—Anagram and two rhomboids Stud—Crossword and diamond; Sou Con—Triple acrostic and square; Goose Quill—Charade; Tegutty—Cross words; Trabloe—Diamond and numerical [illegible]—Monogram and charade. Sen. J. Mis—Diamond.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

JANET—Letter received. Send along the contributions at your leisure. We have plenty of room for the kind you turn out.

WILLIS WILDWAYE—Solutions at hand. A good exhibit. We should be greatly pleased to have you contribute. How else can we know what the "WILD WAVES are saying?"

EVERARD—That was a very finely written charade by A. S. P. in a recent "Gate to gift," but the typo-fiend used it up in a way that will make the author GRASP a shooting iron, if he can find one.

COMET—Your last appearance was very brilliant and your train mighty. Trust your orbit will admit of periodical returns, and that you will come to see us often.

O. C. O., LA.—The pair of rhomboids has SMACHT us up immensely. Virginia is coming to the front in a way that is quite cheering.

HAL HAZARD Eleven letter diamonds and ten letter half squares are just the kind of deposits that will enable the bank to stand a run. Your stock is still above par.

GIL BLAS—You are a regular monomaniac on solutions. Think you must have complete list on the brain. 'Tis WELL. Shouldn't power do so again.

ICICLE—We are "short" on anagrams and fear the market will be "cornered" before we can get out. Come to the rescue

DEAR EQUIER—Draw Poker is no doubt a pleasing game to the initiated, but some one always loses. Send your diamonds to Cerebrations for safe keeping

MUD—We agree with you that SAS—a French pronoun—is hardly the fair thing in eleven letter diamonds, when plenty of perfect ones can be made without it. If our French word is allowable, all are, and we should have to purchase a new dictionary at once. We made a beautiful six letter square once containing SON AMI, but it was N. G. Such is life.

FLEWY ANN—We are using up your last cargo at a rapid rate, and hope to receive another shipment as soon as the roads get good.

GOOSE QUILL—Nugget received. You must be a quill from the goose that laid the golden egg. Always glad to hear from the Pacific slope.

SOU CON—Thanks for puzzles. Glad to add your nom de plume to our list of contributors.

TRABLOE—We have finally solved that numerical, as you will see by "Accepted Contributions."

ROSS BUSH—Glad indeed to hear from you. It reminds us of the good old days when we had such fine times in "Witch Knots." Come to see us often.

Rev. Mr. Sutphen, pastor of a Dutch Reformed church on Long Island, has gone insane—pause, overwork.

A German merchant presented to the Emperor William, on his last birthday, a flute [illegible] collection of Frederick the Great [illegible] to the front legs, for which [illegible] days there were no substitutes, [illegible] performances. The flute has been placed in the Hohenzollern collection

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It is a noticeable fact in natural history that when a man slides on an icy pavement, he throws his arms and legs towards all points of the compass, frantically struggles to maintain his dignity, and aims at twenty different places before he finally comes down in extenso as it were; whereas a woman gives one convulsive little start, and sinks down in a condensed heap on the very spot on which her foot slipped.

THE FICKLE SEA.

BY GORDON CAMPBELL.

We waited by the sunny shore, and watched the rising tide,
And Love, our blythe companion, was still lingering at our side;
The angry waves had ceased to chafe, we heard no billows roar,
And strife, in presence of sweet love, seemed hushed for evermore.

Again I stood upon the shore, and watched the sobbing tide,
But all was dark and cheerless—there was no one at my side.
The storm-winds smote the billows, and all the scene was rife,
With the storm and strife and sorrow that were rulers of my life.

Ofttimes since then I've watched the sea's alternate ebb and flow,
And cursed my faith in woman's love in days long, long ago.
I love to see the storm-winds rage upon the stricken sea,
For they tell how false and cruel fickle woman's heart can be.

ABOUT THE BAT.

THE marvellous profusion and varieties of animal life give naturalists considerable trouble in the way of rigorous classification. The distinction laid down, for example, between beasts and birds, is in some cases very illusory. Nature beneficently introduces creatures on the scene which can be called neither beasts nor birds, but form a kind of combination of both. Some would describe this as an eccentricity, and that the animals so created rank as natural wonders. They are doubtless in a sense wonders; but all animated nature is wonderful, and we are not entitled to say that any living creature is an oddity, or something off at a side. We are to understand that nothing has been made in vain, or in a spirit of frolicsomeness. Each animal, small or large, from the crawling mite to the elephant, has its assigned use, and is provided with a form and faculties precisely adapted to its state of existence. For instance, odd-looking as bats appear, they are a combination of beast and bird, so ingenious, so expressly calculated to perform their principally required function of clearing the air of night-flying insects, that nothing better could be conceived for the purpose.

Of whatever species, the bat is mammiferous. It suckles its young, of which it has one or two at a birth, and its mouth is provided with teeth. It has four legs, but two of them resemble arms, and it has a tail extending from the vertebræ. Each arm consists of two long bones with an elbow joint. At the outer extremity of the arm, as with a human hand, there are four fingers and a thumb. The fingers are long thin bones attached lengthwise to the membranous wing, which they expand like the slender whalebones of an umbrella—a most beautiful and effective arrangement. The thumb projects, and is an interesting member. It resembles a claw or hook. By means of its two hooked thumbs, the creature can suspend itself from branches of trees or other projections, and is enabled to draw itself forward on the ground. The legs are short, with knee-joints, and the claws of the toes helps the toes in the matter of suspension. Arms, legs and tail are all united with the membrane of the wings, and materially aid in propulsion through the air. Everything in the general structure of the animal is subsidiary to the function of flying. The wings, however, are inferior to the wings of birds, such as those of the swallow. But they perfectly fulfil their purpose. Consisting of a membrane which wraps the body like a cloak, these bat-wings are powerful in darting swiftly in a series of jerks and zigzags in pursuit of moths and other insects. Besides relying on its eyesight, the bat possesses the advantage of an extremely delicate susceptibility in its thin membranous wings which reveals the presence of any insect it happens to touch in its flight. Had the wings been of feathers like those of birds, this important quality of detecting insects by the slightest touch would have been lost.

Numerous fanciful notions are entertained regarding bats. They are said to be able to see in the dark, and that they are bloody and vengeful in their nature. As concerns seeing in the dark, that is quite erroneous. Their power of avoiding obstacles when flying in darkened places, is not due to their eyes, but to that keen sensibility in their wings that has been just alluded to. The thin leathery wings of bats are their antennæ, or feelers. Darting about in all directions in utter darkness, they are never by any chance impeded or injured by obstacles that happen to be in their way. Experiments have been made, by stretching strings across darkened places in which a number of them are confined, and no string is ever disturbed in their flight. The bat is no more fiendish than the swallow, or any other bird which has been appointed to rid the atmosphere of superfluous and destructive insects.

Only one species, chiefly inhabiting the dense forests of South America, and designated the Vampire bat, is known to have a taste for blood. This appetite, like that of the gad-fly, is demonstrated principally in settling on the shoulders and flanks of quadrupeds, and with their teeth inflicting wounds that are apt to be troublesome. In the absence of animals to be attacked, natives sleeping in the open air are said occasionally to suffer from incisions in their feet or toes. Vampire bats, wherever found, are provided with sharp pointed incisors, so arranged as to make a triple puncture like that of a leech; and as in the case of leeches, these bats might possibly be rendered medically available as phlebotomists. Their habits appear to have originated the eastern superstition of the Vampire, a troubled spirit that with carnivorous appetite preyed on living beings by sucking their blood during sleep, and which, under the name of Ghoul, figures in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the designation Vampire given to the poor bats was derived from the Vampire of legendary superstition. Anyway, the bats are guiltless of the hideous revelries we hear of in the old legends.

Viewed as strange creatures, neither exactly one thing nor another, bats possess strong characteristics of their own. For one thing, bats do not live gloomily aloof from each other, but form communities in which, we may suppose, they derive much mutual comfort. Some species are more gregarious than others; but on the whole, they indulge in the pleasure of living together in places away from other animals. They are to be found in garrets, church-spires, and caverns, where during the winter they can socially suspend themselves by their claws to rafters, or to the clefts of rocks. If the place be particularly suitable for their hibernating habits, they may be seen hanging in myriads with their heads downward, yet not so dormant as they seem; for upon any noisy intrusion, they will burst away like a cloud overhead.

Besides being companionable in their seclusion, bats may challenge any living creatures for the care of their young. They show immense solicitude. The female carries her infant bats about with her, covering them the best way she can in her cloak-like wings, and from time to time resting to suckle them. On these occasions the papa bat lends a helping hand. He watches over the mother and her charge, tending them assiduously, and nestling close to them, to impart warmth and protection. In some respects, therefore, the good conduct of bats might afford a lesson to beings of much higher pretensions. Facts like these acting on the higher emotions, should materially qualify the ordinary ideas about bats. From their retiring and crepuscular habits, they can hardly be made pets of, like dogs or canaries. Nevertheless, as observed in their aerial flights, they are gentle and amusing; and instead of being pelted, abused, and shot at, they invite our interest, compassion, and gratitude. As auxiliary to certain birds, they are of much service to the agriculturist and gardener, by keeping down the number of noxious winged insects. In particular, young persons, who are too ready to fall on defenceless creatures, should be taught that in the physical constitution of the often maltreated bats there are perspicuously demonstrated the wisdom and goodness of that Almighty Being, "who made and loveth all."

Grains of Gold.

People of little religion are noisy.

Never borrow if it is possible to avoid it.

Ignorance is a subject for pity, not laughter.

Be lively, but not light: solid, but not sad.

Envy no man's talent, but improve thine own.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

He truly mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

There are times when moderation must be hypocrisy.

Never question a servant or child about family matters.

Never present a gift, saying that it is of no use to yourself.

Never write when in anger; your writing may condemn you.

Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one that we bear with us to heaven.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of virtues.

Every good deed that we do is not only a pleasure, but a prop for the future.

Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.

Real virtue consists of integrity of heart and loving your neighbor as yourself.

What I desire that others should not do for me I equally desire not to do for them.

Let amusements fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.

Many young persons believe themselves natural when they are only impolite and coarse.

If you would render your children helpless, never compel or permit them to help themselves.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Without the virtue of humility one can neither be honest in poverty nor contented in abundance.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet; those he receives nearest his heart.

Justice is a duty—generosity is a virtue. Yet the world is too apt to regard the first as a favor, and the latter as a folly.

There is just now a great clamor and demand for "culture," but it is not so much culture that is needed as discipline.

The influence of costume is incalculable; dress a boy as a man and he will at once change his own conception of himself.

The Christian is misusing his rites and ceremonies unless they are bringing him more personally and immediately near to God.

Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, that which has no root whatever in their serious convictions.

Secret kindnesses done to your fellow-creatures are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good is as God-like as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

Many a true heart that, like a dove to the ark, would have come back after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace of an unforgiving spirit.

Never let a lie go to seed in your souls. If you should happen to be tempted into telling a falsehood, let it be plucked out by a prouder confession of your fault as quickly as possible.

The bird of wisdom flies low and seeks for food under hedges; the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit lies near the ground.

Good thoughts not put into action are like good seed thrown into the fire, or like blowing out the flame of a candle to let the smoke of reproach punish, even as the light illuminated.

Nothing makes society so fair and lasting as the mute endearment of each other by good offices; and never a man did a good turn to his brother, but at one time or other did eat the fruit of it.

The master purpose of a true man's life is to be useful to others. There is no duty so mean that it will not be ennobled by this motive. There is no function so dignified that it will not receive from this motive fresh dignity.

It is thought possible in Paris that the French Government will abolish the rank of Marshal in the army. General de Wimpffen is said to be earnest in recommending the abolition of all the great commands, as decreed by the Assemblies of the First Republic.

Feminilities.

Positive philosophy—A woman's won't.

Love making in Italy is done mostly by signs.

Many girls make fools of themselves by the aid of a looking glass.

Russian ladies have a passion for wearing many bracelets at a time.

An Iowa school mistress was discharged because she stood on her head to amuse the children.

A Washington bride wore a wreath of carnations, instead of orange blossoms, at her wedding the other day.

There are no Spring changes this year in the style of ladies' noses. Some of them will remain turned up as usual.

The girls are rapidly coming to the front in Maine. There are now 6,000 of them teaching in the public schools of that State.

The most bashful young lady we know of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

Reckless of orthography, an impassioned swain wrote: "Mary, I love the well." She replied that she was glad he didn't drink liquor.

An old bachelor says it takes a smart woman to make a first class fool. Probably some ordinary woman has made a second class fool of him.

A young Hungarian lady of noble family thought she was running away to Paris with a nobleman, but discovered after awhile that he was only a valet.

Miss Anthony defines marriage as "binding oneself out to one man for board and clothes." Well, how much better is the man's side of the bargain?

An excited old man came in yesterday to inform us that he had seen six women sit a whole hour in a social conversation without once referring to what they wore.

It's easy enough to tell when we'll have more cold weather. When it's so cold in the house that the ladies have to sit with their feet under them, it's a sure sign of snow.

Mrs. Lot took a backward look and became a pillar of salt. Were that peculiar process of salt-making in vogue at the present day, the market would soon be glutted.

In an Indiana church the best looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes and there isn't a young man in the congregation that dare drop in a button.

The soothing effect of civilization on the Indian is manifested in the fact that a Maine Indian has applied for a divorce from his squaw. Civilization is the great corrector of morals.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

A city woman lately sold her furniture, desiring to go West, but the sale amounting to but little, she used the proceeds i purchasing some of her things, and has gone to housekeeping again.

"Madam," said a portrait painter, "your daughter is beautiful—she is a perfect little pearl!" "And pray, sir, what am I?" "Oh," replied the painter, "you are, of course, the mother o' pearl."

Most young men are at a loss now-a-days to know what kind of a bird to call their ducks. Natural history fails to describe a bird with a bill long enough to compare with the bills of the modern young ladies.

When a woman goes visiting she wants shoes fully two sizes too small; but it's astonishing what a deal of comfort the same woman can extract from a pair of slippers three sizes too large, in her own house.

"What does your husband do?" asked the census man. "He ain't doin' nothing at this time of the year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the census man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. "Law, no!" she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly. "Why, we ain't been married more'n six weeks yet!"

"I hope you'll be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of the sidewalks. "Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with a little assistance from your father." There was some confusion, and a profound silence.

We are heartily in favor of girls learning to dance, and paint, and sing, and play the piano, but we are also firm in the belief that a large number of our young ladies could be profitably employed in learning how to sew buttons on the back of a fellow's shirt, and also how to fry buckwheat cakes without burning them as black as a newly-polished stove lid.

A man in Indiana buried his wife in nice style, but after the crowd had dispersed from the grave he sold the silver handles of the coffin back to the undertaker at reduced rates.

Pocahontas was buried at Gravesend as certified by the following entry in the register: "1616, May 21. Rebecca Wrolfe, wife of Thomas Wrolfe, gent., a Virginian lady borne, was buried in the chancel." Up to this time her grave has not been marked by a tablet, but now it is to have a monument.

A chemical laboratory has been established in the Prefecture of Police in Paris, in which the wine, liquors, beer and all other drinks brought into the city will be subjected to a chemical examination. This measure was rendered necessary by the increase in the quantity of adulterated articles sold.

Sir John Astley, who made the wager that Weston could not walk 2,000 miles over English roads in a given time, sent an agent to watch for deception. Bell's Life contains a letter from this agent saying that Weston was twice caught riding in a wagon. Sir John thereupon refused to longer countenance the affair.

The walls of a Jewish synagogue at Prague are so thick with dirt as to be absolutely black. Local tradition has it that the name of Jehovah is somewhere inscribed on the wall, and that if it were to be cleaned the holy name would be effaced; hence, for generation after generation, the grime has been permitted to accumulate.

Facetiæ.

A smart thing—a sting.

The morning noose—Your necktie.

The prodigal's return—Gold comes to par.

A dry remark—"Gimme a little bourbon."

The right of weigh—2 300 pounds to the ton.

Men who always act on the square—Chessmen.

The whitewasher's business is always slack.

We meet to part again, as the ball said to the bat.

Is a photographer hard to answer because he is a poser?

The lapse of half a century—Those of old maids fifty years old.

A mule's hind leg has only one season. It is always a beautiful spring.

There is a phrenologist up town who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head.

"There's a brandy smash!" as the wag said when a drunken man fell through a pane of glass.

The school boy manages to be more perfect in "recess" than in any other exercise of the school.

There's one melancholy fact about a calendar, there's no time when its days are not numbered.

The orator who carried away his audience is affectionately and humanely requested to bring it back.

It is reported that a lady applied the other morning at the box office of a theatre for "preserved seats for two."

There is very little difference between a man who sees a ghost and one who swallows a bad oyster so far as looks are concerned.

"Little pitchers have long ears," remarked that ubiquitous entity, a bystander, as Jones' diminutive mule pitched its owner over its head.

Jones casually remarks that it is wonderful how his hens have commenced to lay since his hired girl went off last Sunday for a week's absence with her relatives.

The latest rendering of the proverb is: "People who live in glass houses, and who want to throw their arms around the girl, should pull down the blinds."

That young man to whom the "world owes a living" has been turned out of doors—his landlady not being willing to take the indebtedness of the world on her shoulders.

We have long known what is meant by the centre of gravity; but we confess to having just discovered that a handsome and fragrant bouquet is the center of attraction.

A northern man calls his baby "Macbeth" because it murders sleep. The story is something like that of the Irishman who called his pig Maud, because she would come into the garden.

Can you tell why a watch is the image of modesty? We will save time by telling you why. It always holds its hands before its face and, however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.

A Scotch parson said recently, somewhat sarcastically, of a toper, that he put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, but that the enemy after a thorough and protracted search, returned without anything.

"I'm a ruin bags, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp, as he entered a farm house and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soused him with a dishpan full of boiling water.

There has been started a new style of arithmetic. According to it ten cents make one so-so, ten times make one jolly, ten dollars make one tight, ten thousand make one respectable, and ten millions make one great and good.

Some one has suggested that if the inventor of a phonograph would bring out a little machine, to be attached to the door, which would say, when the landlord called for the rent: "Come again next month," it would have a good sale.

A refractory Irishman named McGinnis refused to work. The keeper said to him:—"McGinnis you go to work or to the pump." "Niver, sir," said McGinnis, straightening up to the full dignity of a man. "Bedad, sir, I'd lave the jail first."

Gentlemen who would be considered au fait in the matter of dress will not roll up their pants at the heel, as formerly, but all around. The roll should not extend over the hem, except in severe cases of mud, when two rolls the width of a hem is admissible.

Guest (leaving at break up of party to old family butler)—"Cunningham that's not my coat." Butler—"It maun be your coat." Guest—"But it's no' my coat." Butler (dryly)—"A guid wheen folk dions ken their ain coats when they leave this house."

Strange there are men occupying high positions in business and society in this city, not knowing how to read. This remark is suggested by seeing the number of intelligent-looking men utterly unable to decipher the mystic legend, "Please shut the door!"

Edison's work on instruments for magnifying sound is an instance of misdirected genius. The community wants an instrument to absorb sound. A machine that should prevail against a crying baby or a political orator would put its author on the highest pinnacle of fame.

A sexton and a parish clerk, were once lettering a gravestone in the churchyard when the village physician came. "Why Peter," said the doctor, pointing to the half cut inscription, "you have spelt it wrong." "Have I doctor!" answered Peter sharply "Well, well, pass it over, doctor—pass it over—I've covered up mony a blot o' yours."

BECOMING OVERHEATED WHILE PLAYING AT FOOTBALL, I took a Chill, which produced a very severe illness, and eventually settled on my Chest with a very bad Cough. While in this condition, I tried several remedies without avail, but eventually procuring Dr. Jayne's Expectorant; I am now happy to say that my health has entirely improved and I am confident of soon finding myself completely cured.—*I. Newnham, Melbourne, Australia.*

SISTER JANE.

Seraphina loves me dearly,
I love Seraphina, too;
O, her form's divine (or nearly)—
That's, of course, 'twixt me and you.
Lots of blisses fate has sent us,
And we'd really can't complain,
But for one who will torment us—
Seraphina's sister Jane!

Small is Seraphina's sister—
Six years old, or thereabouts;
But, by jingo, she's a "twister,"
Full of noise and tiny shouts.
Often, when I'd gently whisper,
Seraphina's kiss to gain,
In runs that intruding lisper,
Seraphina's sister Jane!

When we in the garden wander,
Just to view the plants, you know,
As our words are getting fonder,
And my loved one listens;—lo!
In she rushes, hair a-tangle,
Like a doll that's gone insane:
Then I feel I'd like to strangle
Seraphina's sister Jane!

When I next behold her figure,
At her I will make a spring,
And I'll say, "When you get bigger,
You won't like this sort of thing!
Courting has a brief existence—
Don't you interrupt again;
When I'm here, just keep your distance,
Seraphina's sister Jane!"

THE SEA AND ITS WEALTH.

IT would be impossible to say how many of the human inhabitants of the earth draw their sustenance from the ocean, or the industries connected with its products; but it is certain that a large part of our race would have to perish but for the countless forms of life which swarm in its depths.

The importance of the cod, herring, mackerel, and salmon fisheries is well known, since there are few parts of the world to which these fish, canned, salted, dried, or smoked, have not penetrated. Yet even those who have a general idea of their extent would perhaps be surprised to learn that in the neighborhood of Newfoundland alone about 237,500,000 codfish are taken from the water every year, and that the aggregate value of the salmon fisheries of the British Isles for one year amounted to £3,450,000. Such sums become startling when one reflects that each of these figures represents only a fraction of similar wealth drawn from the salt water at the same time in other parts of the world, and often by other races of men.

The canning establishments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick use from three to five tons of lobsters a day, destroying every year about 30,000 tons. At this rate it is no wonder that the size of the lobsters taken has already begun to decrease, and that there is danger of exhausting the supply.

There can be no doubt that, great as are the varieties of food already furnished by the sea, it still offers us many more that we have not learned to profit by, such as the horse mackerel, which with us is held in little estimation, but on the shores of the Mediterranean, under the name of the tunny fish, is very highly prized, and when preserved in oil, or salted, forms an important article of export. Several small and delicately flavored fish which abound on our shores, and which might be advantageously prepared in several ways, are also entirely neglected.

It may be that prejudice, still more than want of knowledge, interferes with our reaping the full benefit of the bounteous harvest of the sea. Few American palates would relish the preparations of sea slugs which are among the choicest delicacies of the Chinese table. Yet so great is the demand for them that the coral reefs of the Pacific Ocean and the Eastern seas are the seats of large fisheries for the slug. In deep water it is taken by diving; on the shoals and mud banks the fishermen wade knee deep in water, and whenever their feet come in contact with the slug it is picked up and thrown into the boats which they drag behind them. Having the shape and general appearance of a large prickly cucumber, except for its color, which is black, whitish-brown, or red, it spends its sluggish existence in groping about at the bottom of the water, where it feeds on sea weed and mollusks. When taken it is split open, cleaned, and dried, and becomes of the consistency of india rubber. In this state it is sold, and then minced down into a sort of thick soup.

In some places the flesh of the cuttle fish is considered a delicacy. It is eaten on parts of the Mediterranean coast; and at Tunis there is a regular trade in octopod or a polypi. In deep water the fishermen lower earthen jars, strung together, to the bottom of the sea, and when, after some hours, they are drawn up again the polypi are found to have introduced themselves into the jars. In shallow water earthen drain pipes are laid end to end, frequently for more than half a mile together, and into these also the polypi squeeze themselves. Or artificial pools are formed along the shore, and at the retreat of the tide the captured cuttle fish are strung in bunches of fifty each by the natives, who frequently secure eight or ten such bunches in a day. Besides its flesh the cuttle fish furnishes two valuable articles to commerce—cuttle fish bone and the ink bag from which is obtained the sepia color used by artists.

In Norway where fish is prepared with much ingenuity in many ways, they make flour of the flesh of the fish ground to powder. It is used instead of rice and potatoes, and the biscuits made from it are said to be extremely nutritious.

The preparation of isinglass from the air or swimming bladders of different fish, furnishes employment to large numbers of people. The best is that made from the swimming bladder of the sturgeon, and is almost exclusively prepared in Russia. The lining of the bladder is almost pure gelatine.

For a great variety of the oils in constant use we are also indebted to the denizens of the ocean. Every one has heard of the whale fisheries; but few persons are aware that the shark fishery, for the sake of the oil contained in the liver of that fish, is extensively prosecuted in different quarters of the globe. Five barrels of oil is an ordinary quantity to obtain from a single rich liver. The oil of the porpoise, which is taken in great quantities for this object, and of the white whale, gives a brilliant light, and does not coagulate, even in extreme cold, for which reason it is said to be superior to any other for use in lighthouses. In Russia, where a prejudice exists against eating herrings, the 100,000,000 of these fish taken annually are caught solely for the purpose of extracting their oil. The hooligan, a small fish found in abundance along the shores of British Columbia, is so full of oil that those caught in the north are said, when lighted, to burn like a candle.

The most exquisite and highly valued product of the sea must of course always remain the pearl. The pearl oyster is by no means the only abode of these lustrous gems; the giant clam, the common oyster, and many other shells, yield pearls of varying degrees of beauty and value. The exquisite pink pearls occasionally displayed are found in univalve shells; the conch shell and the common fountain shell of the West Indies. They are generally sold under the name of conch pearls, but are liable to fade with time. The great pearl fisheries of the world are in the Indian Ocean, but there are few shores where pearls, even of little worth, have not at some time been found. Very beautiful pearls have been found in the Gulf of California, and in the time of the Jesuit missionaries the fishery was a source of great wealth to the people of that country. Only a few years ago an extraordinarily fine pearl was found in the Bay of Panama, and the fishery there, although at present suspended, has been very lucrative. Mother-of-pearl shells have been inserted in the upper part of the cathedral at Panama, and in some of the other churches, with striking effect. Although the lining of the pearl oyster has the beautiful nacreous formation known as mother-of-pearl, yet the mother-of-pearl of commerce is generally furnished by another variety of shell, larger and stronger.

Many and singular are the uses to which some of the marine wonders come at last. Thus in India, the jawbone of a fish which is set with small recurved teeth, is used as a fine comb for carding cotton. The jaws of the sleeper shark are used as head dresses by some North American Indians. By other savages the teeth and bones of fish are employed as weapons. Fish skins have been made into leather and shoes. The translucent skin of the burbot, when cleaned and stretched, is used in parts of Siberia and Russia to take the place of window glass. In British India about 4,000 little cowrie shells pass for an English shilling, although in other places 1,000 are worth fifteen pence. Sometimes 100,000 are given for a young wife, while an ordinary wife can be had for 20,000. In the New Hebrides a ton of sandalwood may be bought for a single cowry of a peculiar variety found on the Friendly Islands—white with a violet lip. From the byssus, or fibres with which the mussel attaches itself to the rock, are manufactured in Italy, though chiefly as a curiosity silky fabrics with a burning golden lustre, and of great fineness. The hollow dried leaves of an enormous sea weed furnish water buckets for the inhabitants of the Pacific coast of South America.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

IN manufacturing submarine cables, there is used copper wire or wires which are insulated in a covering of gutta-percha, a non-conducting substance; and lastly, strong twisted wires which envelop and strengthen the whole.

Since sea-water is the very best preservative for gutta-percha, it was thought in the early days of cables that they would be of a practically infinite durability when once submerged; but experience has told a different tale. It shows that the average life of a cable is only about twelve or fourteen years. Were sea-water the only thing a cable had to encounter in the 'slimy bottom of the deep,' there would be good reason to expect a long life for a cable; but there are many sources of mishap and trouble to them, some of which could hardly be conjectured beforehand.

It was foreseen that near the land, where storm-waves move the whole depth of water, the cable would be rasped on the rocks and worn through or pulled forcibly asunder; a common accident on the old cables. But in the depths of the ocean, where all is still, it was thought no harm could come unless, by rare coincidence, a sinking ship settled down upon it. No such instance has yet appeared; but the cable has encountered a far worse enemy in the teeth of a tiny sea creature. The Levant Cable, laid 1858, and taken up the next summer, was found to be beset by 'millions of small shell fish or shells,' accompanied by small worms, which had completely destroyed the hemp of the outer sheathing, and eaten circular holes in the gutta percha core. In 1860 several pieces of cable were picked up in the Mediterranean having the hemp between the steel wires eaten into holes with the regularity and spacing of a cribbage-board. Subsequently, the borer, as it is called, was found eating into cable elsewhere. This worm or fish, is about a quarter of an inch long, with seven pair of small legs and a round head. From its small size it can readily wriggle its way between the iron guard-wires of a cable where they do not close up well.

The amount of submarine life that comes up on a cable which is taken up for repairs after being immersed for a year or two, is surprising. Recently a cable across the mouth of the Amazon was lifted for repairs. The cable had only been submerged about a month; yet it came on board the ship at places literally covered with barnacles; at others overgrown with submarine vegetation, crabs and curious shells, often of singular delicacy and beauty.

Within a day after this cable had been laid, a mysterious fault had occurred; and it was then found the cable was bitten in many places, and in some so severely that the iron guard-wires had been forcibly crushed aside, the cable penetrated to the conductor, and pieces of the animal's teeth left sticking in the core.

Fish are not the only large animals who have tried to make a meal or a plaything out of a cable. Underground cables have been found eaten by both rats and mice. In Bristol a year or two ago, a company of rats made their way into the street pipes, and devoured the gutta-percha coating of the street cables, and not long since a mouse built her nest and reared her progeny in one of these pipes, and apparently supported both herself and her household on the gutta-percha of the wires.

A curious submarine accident occurred a few years ago in the Persian Gulf Cable. The cable suddenly broke down faulty. The position of the fault was localized by shore tests, and a ship despatched to raise the cable and repair it. It was duly grappled; and after a great deal of labor, caused by the extraordinary weight of the cable in hauling up, they succeeded in raising it to the surface, when they found, much to their amusement as well as surprise, that they had "caught a whale." The body of a dead whale was found entangled in the coils of the cable, where the animal had netted and strangled itself.

Ice sometimes ruptures cables, as for instance, in the White Sea. These ice-breakages were for a time as mysterious as any other kind when they first appeared. Thus one gentleman wrote to the papers to explain that the ruptures in the White Sea Cables were due to the fact, which he claimed to have discovered, that the world was growing bigger, stretching itself, so to speak, and bursting its bounds. This suggestion is on a par with that suggesting that cables instead of being under sea should be over sea, and proposing Gibraltar Rock, the Peak of Teneriffe, and the Andes as convenient points of suspension!

HINDOO JUGGLERS.

LEGERDEMAIN has been practised from a very early period, and to this day India and Japan seem to excel all other countries. We have our prestidigitateurs, and some of them, by means of elaborate apparatus and an ingenious way of diverting the audience and their attention, manage to produce striking effects; but in genuine legerdemain, that skilful manipulation that deceives you as you watch, our performers fail to approach their Asiatic rivals. Many of our tricks are indeed but copies from the tricks of the East.

The trick of the Brahmin seated in the air, now often exhibited, was first performed in 1838. The man really sat on a steel ring, supported by slight but strong bars, affixed to the bamboo near which he seemed to be suspended in the air.

The Hindoos are so lithe and supple that they seem to be serpents rather than men. Swallowing the sword is a common trick; others walk on thin linen cloth, held in the hands of four persons, and they neither ruffle it nor tear it from the hands of the holders.

The conjurors of Jehangire, in 1615, were desired to produce upon the spot, and from seed, ten mulberry trees. They immediately planted ten seeds, which in a few minutes produced as many trees, each, as it grew into the air, spreading forth its branches and yielding excellent fruit. In like manner, apple, fig, almond, walnut and mango trees were produced, all yielding fruit, which Jehangire assures us was of the finest quality.

But this was not all. "Before the trees were removed," says the imperial author, "there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty—in color and shape, and melody of song—as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its varied tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring."

A reliable author stated, many years ago, that he had himself witnessed similar feats in India, but that a sheet was employed to cover the process. "I have, however," he adds, "no conception of the means by which they were accomplished, unless the jugglers had the trees about them in every stage, from the seedling to the fruit."

The tricks of fakirs, or religious mendicants, of that country are remarkable. One of these fellows boasted that he would appear at a town about two hundred miles from Surat, within fifteen days after being buried ten feet deep at the latter place. The Governor of Surat resolved to test the fellow's powers, and had the grave dug, in which the fakir placed himself, stipulating that a layer of reeds should be interposed between his body and the superincumbent earth, with a space of two feet between his body and the reeds. This was done, and the grave was then filled up, and a guard of soldiers placed at the spot to prevent trickery.

A large tree stood ten or twelve yards from the grave, and beneath its shade several fakirs were grouped around a large earthen jar, which was filled with water. The officer of the guard, suspecting that some trick was to be played, ordered the jar to be moved, and, on this being done by the soldiers, after some opposition on the part of the dirty fellows assembled round it, a shaft was discovered, with a subterranean gallery from its bottom to within two feet of the grave. The impostor was thereupon made to ascend, and a riot ensued, in which he and several other persons were slain.

EASTER-SUNDAY IN RUSSIA.

ON the eve of Easter Sunday all good Russians proceed to the churches at sunset, and spend the entire night in devotional exercises, till about four o'clock in the morning. At a signal being given, every one lights his little taper—the only light in the church with the exception of a chandelier suspended from the ceiling. In front of the altar which occupies one side of the church, a stage is erected, to which the faithful ascend by a short flight of stairs. On the stage appears a coffin, and within that coffin a painting, the whole representing Christ in the grave; the congregation ascend one side, kiss the coffin, and descend by the opposite flight. This lasts from sunset till the prayers, or rather chanting of the litanies has commenced. No women are in the choir, nor is either an organ or any other musical instrument introduced. The church is crowded to suffocation, and as there are no seats, the congregation must either stand or lie down on the stones. Man and woman, young and old, soldier and noble, peasant and slave are all huddled together. When the clock strikes the hour of midnight, amidst illumination, the firing of guns, and the most beautiful vocal music that can delight the ear, the patriarch exclaims, with a loud voice, "*Kristos vos kress!*"—Christ has risen. "He has risen, indeed," is the response of several thousands tongues, uttered in the ecstasies of hope and faith, and thankfulness, and deep and holy devotion. Be your religion what ever it may, you cannot witness this scene without deep emotion. Now every man or woman, noble and slave, embraces his neighbor, and kisses him on both cheeks, and on the lips. Every man during Easter Sunday and Monday has the right to approach any other man or woman anywhere, and exclaiming, "Christ has risen!" impress three kisses on the cheek and lips, and receive the same compliment. Men always remain uncovered during this ceremony. Young men display great devotion during this week wherever they meet pretty girls. But if you have the privilege to kiss the pale cheek and ruby lips of the young ladies, you are expected to kiss likewise the bearded face of the Russian boor, and his moustached lips redolent with hempseed oil, onions and tobacco! There is no escaping the ordeal, unless you shut yourself up in your room; and even there you are not safe from the attacks of your half-drunken valet, or your snuff-taking cook! To refuse is to proclaim yourself an unbeliever, an athiest, and what not.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field has issued invitations to a reception to be given at his house in Gramercy Park, the occasion being the 25th anniversary of the organization of the first cable company. Mr. Field is as active as ever, and the noted difference between his present appearance and the likeness twenty-five years ago is in the whiteness of his hair. Many of the most prominent men of this country, Canada, and Europe will be present.

Paralysis,

Which so often arrests the steps of business men and hard brain-workers after they have passed middle life, might in most cases be prevented by an occasional use of "Compound Oxygen." Nature usually gives a timely warning of the approach of danger from this direction, and they are wise who heed it. Get our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" and learn all about this new cure. It is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Phila., Pa.

News Notes.

The Rev. Woo-Hoong-Nick-Ban-Tish-Dare is one of the pastors residing at Shanghai, China.

Mr. Caird says that hereafter English farming to be profitable will become market gardening.

Longfellow, the poet, was 72 years old the 27th of February last. He was born in Portland, Me.

The anti-Chinese legislation in Australia is on the increase, and the goverment is called upon to restrict coolie immigration.

There is a rumor that Secretary Schurz is engaged to marry one of the daughters of a highly-placed officer of the government.

Tom Fitzpatrick, a Montreal newsboy, who recently became insane, had a bank account of $2,000, accumulated by selling papers.

At skating carnivals in Vienna, at which Princess Metternich is a prominent figure, the fashionable beverage is mixed rum and tea.

The Glasgow Bank Relief Fund has reached $1,750,000, a sum unprecedented in charitable annals. Lady Burdett Coutts gave $5,000.

In proportion to population San Francisco is said to be pre-eminent in suicide, which is due, no doubt, to its being pre-eminent in gambling.

Lord Algernon Sidney Gordon Lennox and Lieutenant Colonel Ralph Reginald De-Forrest Edward Vivian have been hunting in the Rocky Mountains.

Leo XII is an excellent scholar, and lately produced some charming stanzas in Latin on the occasion of a well-known photographer visiting Rome to take pictures of the Curia.

The 1,859 142,000 cigars made in the last fiscal year would encircle the globe five times if placed end to end, and it is estimated 250,000 persons got their living from their manufacture.

A fishing boat from Berch (Pas de Calais) lately encountered another boat driven about helplessly by the winds. On boarding it the crew found eight corpses stiffened with the cold.

Mr. Dane, of Indianopolis, preserved for many years the pen with which his grandfather wrote a sermon on commercial honesty, and now his son used the same pen in forging a check.

A valuable dog has come to its death, it is said, in Boston, by acting as newspaper carrier for its master. It took his newspaper home to him daily, and the fresh printer's ink is thought to have poisoned the animal.

Two men quarrelled in Pine Bluff, Ark., while playing faro, and one fired a pistol at the other, who would have been killed if the bullet had not been stopped by the ivory chips that he had thrust into his waistcoat pocket.

The estimated cost of the proposed inter-oceanic canal across the American Isthmus, Nicaragua route, is $53,000,000; but it is considered wise to regard the actual cost, including the interest on dormant capital, at twice that sum.

Mr. Jacob Bedell, a man of sixty-five at Baldwins, Long Island, is said to have passed over eight days without sleeping a moment, or feeling inclined to do so. The soporifics he has taken have had no effect on him. He enjoys good health.

Ralph Disraeli, brother of Lord Beaconsfield, is an old man, living in obscurity. He strolls about old gardens with a book in his hand. He goes into no society, and is never among the list of guests at Beaconsfield's house. He has a small public office.

Colonel William Ross, a famous stage driver and expressman, who had the first express route on the Boston and Providence R. R., died in Providence last Saturday. When Jenny Lind visited Providence, Colonel Ross purchased the choice of seats at $653.

Not many years ago the value of the silk manufacture in France was far in excess of that of worsted, but the latter is now of more value than the former. The total value of the worsted industry in France is $120,000,000, nearly half of which is exported.

A boy only ten years of age, named Eddie Lawhor, has been sentenced by a Texas court to five years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. When the sentence was pronounced, he laughed and said: "Five years ain't long. Why, I can stand on my head most of the time."

The number of those who in 1877—78 died of starvation in Brazil is estimated at over 150,000, exclusive of deaths indirectly from it. Frightful havoc was also made by small pox, which carried off 21,000 persons. There have been few periods in history more fertile in famine than the last in strum.

PARALYTIC, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using Hop Bitters daily.

The Shah of Persia, in recently ordering that no soldier should do anything but his military duties, has put an end to an ancient custom by which private soldiers by acting as butchers, money changers, doorkeepers, etc., have added to their pay, which is only about $15 a year and three pounds of wheat per day.

Michael Vincent, formerly famous in France and this country as the Iron Man, died lately in San Francisco. His strength was enormous, one of his feats being to lift 800 pounds from the ground to his shoulder; but he too often raised a glass of liquor from a bar to his mouth and finally died of intemperance.

"The Loveliest of Her Sex"

would not be so considered were she minus that peerless charm, a pure and fresh complexion. The most exquisitely molded features, the most graceful figure, the most luxurient tresses, lose half their effect if not accompanied by that grand essential of beauty. Bear this in mind, ladies, and lose no time in securing it by the use of LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which will assuredly mend every complexional defect and establish that delicate purity and softness of the skin which is so desirable.

Put a boy into cast-iron boots and he'd get his feet wet just the same.

The Princess Louise has beautiful hair, and a great deal of it. It is one of her greatest charms.

The number of Greeks in all Turkey is about 2 500 000, while the number in Greece is only 1,400,000.

At the present rate of increase of the Slav race, Russia will have 300,000,000 of inhabitants in fifty years.

It is proposed to celebrate at Pompeii this summer the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of that city by an eruption from Vesuvius.

On January 1 the new act regulating the labor of children in factories went into operation in Berlin. All children employed in such places under fourteen years of age have to carry an official card, under a penalty of four dollars or three days' imprisonment. Children under twelve are not eligible for such employment.

The experiment of injecting milk, warm from the cow, into the veins of an apparently dying man has been tried, it is stated, in a Dublin hospital, and with success. The man on whom the operation was made appeared to have but a few minutes to live, so utterly exhausted was he, but it is asserted that he has since recovered.

Edwin C. Taylor says: "The decorative art of Japan is essentially simple in its use of natural forms, and the decorative figures it employs appeal strongly to those who recognize art as the legitimate daughter of nature; and America, the youngest of great nations, has wedded her art to that of the ancient East, and the offspring, an American renaissance, is the new school of Japanese-American design."

Levi Wagenseller of Philadelphia, while eating dinner, let his false teeth slip partly down his throat. A physician told him to drink a glass of gin, which might make the teeth and their plate pass into the stomach, where they would remain until dissolved; but they only went a little further down and lodged immovably, in such a way as to prevent anything passing into the stomach. He lived seven weeks without food, and died of starvation.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

Brown Sparrows.

Ladies need not look like a flock of rusty brown sparrows, so long as the magnificent colors of Leamons Dyes, made by Wells, Richardson & Co., can be bought for a trifle. They are easy to use.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a receipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

THREE old people whose blood has become thin and steps feeble are praising Hop Bitters for the good they have done them.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

THE TAMPICO BUSTS
now used in
DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET
and Skirt Supporter are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.
The FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET.
(120 bones) fits with perfect ease and is Warranted not to break over the hips.
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For Sale by leading Merchants.
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NERVOUS DEBILITY
Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.
Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
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Use LEAMON'S DYES
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CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.
FEVER AND AGUE.
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,
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For outward use only, no rubbing or friction required.
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And Druggists generally.
Pamphlet containing treatise on the diseases and particulars of the remedy, with testimonials, sent on application.

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Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Linens, Flannels, Muslins, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.
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ABSORPTIVE PADS
act by the natural law of absorption upon the parts over which they are placed; the medicinal qualities they contain passing into the circulation through the pores of the skin. They
ABSOLUTELY PREVENT Fever and Ague and all diseases arising from a deranged condition of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Stomach or Blood.
THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PADS
are Purely Vegetable, harmless, and effective and will POSITIVELY CURE any deranged condition of the system, whether arising from malarial or other causes, including Fever and Ague, Bilious or other Fevers, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Skin Diseases, Jaundice, Female Complaints and Irregularities and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Genital Organs, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, etc., etc. Our Pads are an absolute specific in all cases arising from a deranged condition of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Prices
Liver and Stomach Pads, $1.25, 1.50, 2.00; Kidney Pads, $2.
Chest and Lung Pads, $1.50, 2.00, 3.00; Abdominal Pads, $3.
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Put up in neat boxes containing full directions, and sent by mail free of postage on receipt of price. For Pads or Circulars address
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ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left.
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40 Chromo, Motto, etc., CARDS, no 2 alike, name, 20c. Gilt with each pack. R. B. MOORHOUS, Thomaston, Ct.

1 PACK 32 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c.; 2 packs 50c.; Coe & Co., Northford, Conn.

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$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

CLEAR HAVANA Lilliputian Cigars, "Graduates," (3 inches $11 per 1000, sample box by mail 30c. J. M. AGUERO, 346 4th Ave., N. Y.

FREE TO SUFFERERS AFFLICTED WITH Diseases of LUNGS, LIVER, HEART, NERVOUS DEBILITY, GENERAL PROSTRATION, etc. Address DR. EARL, 179 Bolton St., New York.

50 PERFUMED Chromo Scroll, Transparent & Flirtation cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. Outfit 10c. Agents wanted. Royal Card Co. Northford Ct.

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & CO., E. Wallingford, Conn

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

1 PACK 32 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c., 2 packs 50c. Athing & Co., Hamden, Ct.

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60 New Style Cards, Lilly, Chromo, Motto, Lace, Goldedge, &c. Name in gold, 10c. Star Co. Clintonville, Ct.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

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NIGHT SCENES, 6 for 15c. Sent by mail sealed. GILBERT & CO., North Chatham, N. Y.

50 Cards, no 2 alike, Chromo &c., with name, 10c. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE lovely variety of new materials which are daily appearing, are indeed charming harbingers of the season of sunshine and blossom, of which they seem to partake both in colors and designs; for Fashion has evidently sought among Nature's loveliest creations for the designs and colors she has woven in the many new textures prepared for the coming season; reproducing with artistic skill and taste the graceful vines and many tinted flowers which delight the eye in summer. The winter fashions have been entirely banished from the scene after gleaning from them such ideas as may be utilized in conjunction with the new ones suggested by the new materials; the winter costumes remain as a temporary necessity, and are such a forcible contrast to the spring materials, as make them seem more charming and attractive by the contrast. But as to the spring fashions, they are as yet involved in a certain mysterious uncertainty, the result of the various competing influences at work, the agencies which will work out that revolution in dress so long predicted by the oracles of fashion. But while one oracle predicts such a revolution as will assure the severity of a reformation, and bring with it the severe simplicity of the Greek dress, another oracle tells us of the approach of a style of dress in which the extreme of fantasy will find expression—the "Trianon," with the panier drapery and all the gay-colored costly materials associated with the most extravagant periods of dress. While these competing influences are at work, we will leave the solving of this part of the problem, and take up for discussion the question of materials, which is so predominant in the public mind just now.

It is evident we shall have all the varieties of stripes, brocaded, chines which appeared in satin and velvet, reproduced in combination with a more diaphanous texture for summer. For instance, the brocaded stripe in velvet or silk, will alternate with an open work stripe, and the moire or watered stripe will have the same thin stripe in contrast. All the new materials indicate the tendency to a combination of several materials in one costume, which is also an indication of the continuance of the trimming with bands and revers, the vest and coat-shaped jacket.

At a recent inspection of the new goods displayed by Mr. Wanamaker, I found the most charming variety of thin and thick materials. The grenadines, or mexicaines, are in the delicate shades of ciel blue, coral pink, cream, ivory and pearl white; and in contrast to these are garnet, prune, navy blue, and a dark myrtle green. A black grenadine had brocaded stripes of blue flowers and old gold leaves; a garnet mexicaine had corduroy satin stripes alternating with a stripe on which was a raised brocaded velvet design. For over-dresses I noticed a lovely variety of striped materials. A gay brocaded stripe composed of small pink rosebuds, and shaded leaves on a light blue ground, alternating with a white brocaded stripe. The same design was carried out in pale pink, with blue flowers and shaded olive leaves. Among the less dressy materials I noticed a variety of striped grenadines in steel, fawn, argent or silver gray, cream and ivory white, pale biege and ecru, with colored brocaded stripes. A little later in the season the display will undoubtedly present even more attractive varieties of these goods.

The new summer silks show a ground of maroon, dark green navy blue and violet, on which are fine irregular lines of white forming broken stripes, and checks; others have satin and corduroy silk stripes, in contrasting colors or shades of one color. A rich maroon has stripes of argent gray; a navy blue has stripes of silvery gray; a garnet has stripes of biege. These are to be made up in combination with plain satin or silk of the same shade.

The soft, loosely woven silks appear in bright colors, with stripes of cream, pale blue, or gray alternating with a white stripe, one stripe being plain with a satin finish and the other has a delicate tracery of flowers in Pompadour colors. The invisible checks and stripes are shown in shades of garnet, green, brown and blue, and will be popular for spring suits for young girls. I have already noticed the early spring woolens, but Mr. Wanamaker has added many new varieties to the list, which are worthy of mention. The de beges materials are again candidates for favor, and are very soft in texture, and in the always popular shades of gray and brown. These in double width are 50 cts. a yard. The ecru shades seem to be the favorite and appear in a soft flexible Chusidah resembling camel's hair in texture. A soft, loosely woven cloth in the same ecru tints also seems popular; both of these materials are also to be had in garnet, dark green, and navy blue. Another variety in woolen textures reproduces the watered stripes, while another has an azure effect like crepe cloth. Cashmeres are in all the popular shades, a turquoise or peacock tint being given to the blue shades. Too buntings are still retained in favor, and the same texture is visible in several new materials, only having a less wiry effect and will probably be very popular for seaside dresses. The foulards in shades of turquoise blue, cream, ivory and ecru, have tiny bouquets of flowers or small polka dots. The same designs are carried out in the mommy cloths and cotton armures or sateens. Among the darker color in cotton goods, was one in navy blue with a leaf-like design in old gold.

It is almost too early to note much in costumes, but Mr. Wanamaker is making up some very stylish suits of corduroy, a material which promises to be very popular. My readers must not imagine it to be the heavy corduroy so popularly used for coatings, for while resembling it in the heavy ribbed cord, it is quite soft and light in texture, and admirably adapted for skirts and trimming in connection with plain materials. I saw, one especially worthy of mention, not quite finished. The skirt was of prune-colored corduroy with two box pleated flounces, six inches wide, the overdress of very light mastic corduroy, was made with a Lavreuse tunic, and coat trimmed with the prune color in revers cuffs, and a broad facing edging the bottom, as far as the back side seams. These costumes are made for $25. Another costume of a light corn colored cloth was made with a kilted flounce all around the edge of the skirt and a full kilted front; the drapery opened in front and was turned back with wide revers, held down by smoke-pearl buttons. With this was a coat-shaped jacket, stitched on the edge and trimmed with smoke-pearl buttons. The price of this costume was $16 and will be duplicated at the same figure in all colors.

Very pretty checked silks for Summer wear, will also be made complete for $20.

I had but a glimpse of the new Spring cloaks, but I saw a few, which gave me an idea of the coming styles. A new material for Spring wraps is a woollen Sicilienne, resembling a fine velours. It is soft and light in texture, and promises to wear well. The most popular shape will be the scarf mantilla, slightly cut to the figure in the back, by one seam, on which the trimming will extend to the neck. The fronts are long and square at the ends; others resemble the dolman in appearance, but the long wing-like sleeves are replaced by short square sleeves formed by the backs. A very stylish wrap formed a double cape in the back, and square sleeves and mantilla ends in front, while another lighter style resembles a shawl in the back and square mantilla tabs in front. The prices are very moderate, ranging from $12 up to $35. The trimmings are quillings of black French lace, with passementerie and jet, or fringe mingled with jet.

Ruby-red bonnets are still worn in Paris; they are made of satin and trimmed with a large plush bow, placed quite at the edge of the brim. For the demi-saison there will be bonnets made of dead-black silk, embroidered with jet; the crown covered entirely with this embroidery; the brim is either made of feathers, or the edge is piped with satin, and silken Spanish veils fall as a coronet above the forehead. Birds are very popular for trimming both hats and bonnets, and they are now, by way of change, placed in front, as formerly they were fastened at the side. The yellow and orange birds are the favorites.

Excepting black and white, indistinct colors are the most fashionable. Silver green, pearly white, blue pearly grey, cloud pink, like a rosy cloud, coral dust, etc. Lastly the color for this spring's walking-dresses will be army blue; neither blue nor green, but a little of both.

Fireside Chat.

IT is surprising how many useful and decorative articles can be made with common colored blankets. The exercise of taste in the selection of colors for the embroidery and a little ingenuity in the working out any design will produce very pleasing results. Utilized as curtains across halls and passages to draw over windows and doors, and also in front of fireplaces, especially those built with the large, open chimney, these blankets form an inexpensive, and, with a little trouble, an artistic luxury. Prettily embroidered in a large satin stitch, with split Berlin wool, the effect is remarkably good, and will not fail to give satisfaction in return for the care and time spent. For instance, the grey look very well decorated with the bright scarlet poinsettia, gladiolus, white lily, a gay petunia, or green and reddish brown ferns. To make a good contrast with the brown, sketch a graceful border of yellow lilies, sunflowers, ox-eyed daisies, large purple clematis, or the bulrush. For curtains across the fireplace, a smaller design should be selected, such as ivy, scarlet pimpernel, cyclamen, everlasting pea, creeping tropæolum, and blue convolvulus, also corn, which is very quickly worked. The valance round the mantel shelf should be deeply vandyked, and bound with a bright color, or else edged by a fringe, the same pattern being embroidered as on the curtains underneath—colored worsted cords and tassels being added to fasten back the drapery when desired. A very convenient light screen may be constructed by purchasing a small drying-horse, and painting it either black or white, according to the room it may be intended to ornament. Gum down the middle of the posts a narrow strip of gold paper, afterwards giving the whole frame a coating of varnish. Having embroidered the cloth, attach it to the wood by little gilt-headed nails. Procure also some small gilt knobs and a beading for the top of the screen, thereby giving an excellent finish. A pretty subject for the needlework would be the four seasons, one leaf being devoted to each. Spring may be represented by a fresh wreath of primroses and violets, also a few bright green ferns; in the centre a flight of approaching swallows. For Summer many-colored and tinted roses and butterflies would be suitable. An appropriate design for the autumn leaf may be formed from some graceful drooping sprays of the crimson Virginia creeper as a border, with, at the base of the stand, a sheaf or two of corn, and in centre a retreating flight of swallows. The last panel, devoted to Winter, I would suggest being kept very white and cold, so as to make a good contrast to the gay portions of the screen, and this desired effect may be obtained by simple clusters of Christmas roses and the golden holly, introducing one or two bright-breasted robins and the Christmas moth. When completed a very pleasing result will be rendered. Hassocks may be covered and converted into very cosy foot-warmers—an embroidered band for the sides and a group for the top, which should be wadded, lined with colored flannel and fastened on like a pocket, leaving room for the feet to slip in. Very welcome mats may be fabricated for the front of dressing and writing tables. Obtain a scarlet blanket, and embroider a suitable border round a piece about 3ft. 6in. by 2ft. 6in. A small quantity of imitation astrachan, either black or gray, will be required, measuring 18in. by 12in. This will be lined and wadded, forming the centre of the mat, to which it should be sewn, excepting the space allowed for the feet to be inserted. The edge of the scarlet should be bound, or else notched and button-hole stitched with appropriate color. Pretty carriage rugs and covers for carriage foot warmers may be produced from these materials, the design for the former being either mosaic for the border, with the crest in centre or corners, or else the flowers as hitherto. Also tiny warm and thrifty coverlets for children's cots find favor, the design should be comical or amusing to the little ones. For very little children I would suggest some simple border of pink and white daisies, buttercups, snowdrops, &c.; but for bigger children gay flowers, birds and butterflies round the coverlet, and a comical group of kittens or some animals in the centre. All pieces may be utilized by making cosies for hot-water jugs, simply lining and wadding them, and binding with worsted braid; and most useful bedroom slippers, by binding with color and sewing to a cork sole, furnishing with a bright worsted braid rosette. They can very easily be made more ornamental by working a few flowers, or some rows of point Russe, but made in the above simple manner. They will be found most acceptable to the inmates of hospitals. If the remnants be larger and neatly joined they can be formed into underskirts, warm bed jackets, and half shawls and which will also be thankfully received by the poor invalids. Another mode of decorating these blankets is to applique the flowers and leaves, or mosaic pattern, using colored flannel, baize, or linen, and turkey-red will be found acceptable, since it washes so well. Cut out the leaves and flowers not smaller than nature, lightly tack them on to the background and then buttonhole stitch all round, afterwards veining the veining, shading, and stems with the wool. A design of passion flowers will be found very easy to accomplish by cutting out the flowers from brown holland or turkey-red, finishing with blue and green wool, and a few touches of yellow. The leaves and buds may be worked in wool, or made in the same style as the flowers, but of green baize. The poinsettia and many other showy blossoms may be undertaken very easily and quickly. For ball curtains, appliqué a mosaic border, and for the centre a crest on large shield of turkey-red or linen. A third and very antique mode of decoration is to stretch on a board or in a frame a piece of brown holland or white linen, and stitch with marking ink or carmine figures, &c., afterwards with neat little stitches, overcasting on to the background of blanket. A screen may be most gracefully designed thus: selecting such subjects as a couple of herons on rocks, swans among tall reeds, figure of young girl leaning against stone pillar, feeding doves about to alight around her. If a fair knowledge of drawing is possessed, something more difficult may be attempted; for instance, "The English Ceres," "The Blind Beggar," "Pharaoh's Horses," or "Dignity and Impudence." Should the screen be intended for nursery use, "Æsop's Fables," nursery rhymes, or an illustrated alphabet would be gladly received by the children, and form some amusement for wet days.

Another change I remark is the fashion of, so to speak, dressing furniture; a piece of rich velvet is thrown over the back of this chair, some old brocade over another, a white fox skin over the back of a sofa, and even the piano is dressed. This instrument is now always placed in the corner of the room so that the performer faces the audience. The back of the piano is then covered with some rich old silken material, and kept in place by a bronze band.

The following method of preparing apples is a very good one and I hope will be acceptable to your Fireside Chat recipes:

Soufflé.—Boil some apples with very little water, plenty of loaf sugar, and a few cloves, or a little cinnamon, until a well-reduced marmalade is obtained; pass it through a hair sieve. Mix a very little potato flour with a gill of milk, stir it over the fire until it thickens, add the yolks of four eggs, and as much apple marmalade as will make a mixture of the proper consistency; work it well, so as to get it of a uniform smoothness, then add the whites of six eggs whisked to a stiff froth; mix them in quickly with the rest, pour into a plain mould, and put into the oven at once.—Mrs. B.

So many of my friends have been pleased with this recipe, that I hope you will find it worthy of adding to your list of good recipes in the Fireside Chat:

Codfish Saute.—Boil a piece of codfish, but do not overdo it. Pick out the flesh in flakes, put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste, some minced parsley, and the juice of a lemon, with a dust of cayenne. Put it on the fire till quite hot, and serve.—An Old Friend.

Maccaroni.—There are a great many sorts of maccaroni, and the modes of dressing it are many, but it must in all cases undergo the preliminary process of being boiled, which is the following: "Put into a large saucepan plenty of water salted to taste; when the water boils first throw in the maccaroni, broken into convenient lengths, but not too short; stir frequently. When the maccaroni is done to taste pour in a jugful of cold water. According to its size maccaroni takes from twenty to thirty minutes to cook; it should not be done too much. The French cook maccaroni too much for the Italian taste, and the English like it even more overdone than do the French. Unless a particular description is specified, the following recipes are applicable to every kind of maccaroni.

1. Maccaroni au Beurre—M. au Parmesan.—Put a piece of fresh butter, the size of an egg, in a well-warmed deep dish, lay on it about half pound of boiled maccaroni, well drained turn it over as a salad is "worked" with two forks, adding during the process plenty of fresh grated Parmesan cheese.

2. ——Melt the butter in a small saucepan, and leave it on the fire till it assumes a light nut-brown color pour it over the maccaroni, and mix with Parmesan cheese as directed above.

3. M. au Gratin.—Butter a silver dish, arrange the boiled maccaroni on it, with plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, some powdered pepper and liquefied butter, cover the top with cheese, and put over all a sprinkling of fine baked breadcrumbs, place the dish in the oven just long enough to heat the contents; thoroughly brown the top with a salamander and serve.

4. ——Boil the maccaroni in salted water for a quarter of an hour, when it will be a little more than half cooked. Drain off the water thoroughly, and place the maccaroni in a saucepan with enough milk to cover it, let it boil till perfectly done, then take out the maccaroni and lay it in a silver dish with a plentiful allowance of grated Parmesan cheese, to which a judicious quantity of white pepper should be added; pour over it plenty of liquefied butter, sprinkle the top with more grated Parmesan, and over that some very fine baked breadcrumbs. Put the dish in the oven just long enough to make the contents very hot, brown the top with a red-hot salamander, and serve.

Answers to Inquirers.

O. (Ramsey, Minn.)—We would advise you to consult your parents.

BEAUTY, (Logan, Ind.)—The burning in the face you mention arises in all probability from indigestion.

REAM, (Tishomingo, Miss.)—The name Edward means "guardian of happiness;" Sarah means "a princess."

L. W. (Phila., Pa.)—To give to brass the color of silver by means of a cleansing process only is a method of transformation beyond our ken.

G. (Blair, Pa.)—"Chronic," referring to disease, is from the Greek chronos, time; the duration is generally long; incurability must not be understood.

ANTI, (Ole, Ill.)—In case a bill has passed both houses of Congress and has been sent to the President for his signature or veto, and the latter should fail to sign or veto it, it would become a law after ten days.

V. Q. (Lucas, Ohio.)—Blushing is natural, and a mark of timidity, or rather a deficiency of self-possession. It is an index to sensitive dispositions. The habit wears off, as years accumulate, and the usages of society become more familiar.

W. K. (Boston, Mass.)—If you love the young lady and she loves you, why don't you propose to her? That is the true way to escape from your dilemma. It will certainly do no good for you to stand shivering about like a motherless chicken in the snow.

C., (Davidson, Tenn.)—Noah is said to have been six hundred years old when he built the ark. The flood lasted three hundred and sixty-five days. He lived three hundred and fifty years after the flood, and died at the age of nine hundred and fifty years.

CAVIS, (Norristown, Pa.)—Easter by the early Christians was kept on the same day as the Jewish Passover, and others kept it on the first Sunday after the first full moon in the year; but it is now kept on the Sunday which follows the full moon after the 20th or 21st of March.

L. (Boone, Ky.)—Warm baths contribute greatly to the preservation of the complexion, by giving freshness and exquisite color to the skin. Persons who are very weak, and whose humors are agitated by fever or by passion, should not bathe; and when the body is too much heated or covered with perspiration, the bath is not advisable.

P. S. (West Phila., Pa.)—We think that you will never have cause to regret having stood by your father so tenaciously during his trials and troubles. Your temporary loss will be amply repaid by the satisfaction which will abide with you to the end of your days, and bring many a blessing with it.

HARRY, (Richmond, Va.)—A man must be weakly generous and rather "spooney" to marry a girl who had jilted him twice, and then cried to be tried a third time when she found he was going away. It would be strange if such fickleness could furnish a sufficient basis for domestic happiness.

READER, (Lansing, Mich.)—Michigan was admitted to the Union in 1837. The name of the State is probably derived from the Chippewa tongue, and signifies "great lake." Its first settlers were French Catholics, and it was erected to a Territory in 1805. The area of the State is 55,993,520 acres.

EMMA, (Phila., Pa.)—At your age a certain deference to the wishes of your parents is not only becoming but advisable. By such means you get time for consideration. You should, we think, give your aunt credit for wishing you well and for possessing a better knowledge of human nature than yourself.

C. H. (Steuben, N. Y.)—The phrase, "The cup that cheers and not inebriates," is perfectly grammatical. The placing of the negative adverb before the verb, inebriates, without the auxiliary does, is not perhaps in exact accordance with our English idiom, but does not by any means exceed the license accorded to poetical writers.

ARCHIE, (Phila., Pa.)—We do not know and it would be utterly impossible for us to find out why the change was made. The rhyme is said to have been composed by an old lady named Smith, during the last century. She resided in Connecticut and composed the song from an incident which really occurred—for the entertainment of her grandchildren.

H. K. (Morris, Kans.)—A lover who makes it a practice to ridicule the parents of his betrothed, must have some defect of character which would be almost certain to prove fatal to the domestic happiness of his wife. It is quite proper, therefore, for a girl to hesitate long before marrying such a man, and to put him on a probation that will thoroughly test his character.

Z. (York, S. C.)—Having gone into the speculation with your friends you should have stood by them until the transaction was consummated, and not jeopardize its success by your untimely withdrawal. Under the circumstances which you set forth, they were justified in not allowing you to participate in the profits which they made in spite of your abandonment of the enterprise.

K. (New Kent, Va.)—The Romans were undoubtedly a great people, but they were no greater than we are, nor were they perhaps so great. The investigation of such matters may do well enough as a literary recreation; but to devote one's life thereto would be rather a waste of existence—the question depending, however, on the intrinsic value of one's life and his capacity for useful work.

G. K. (Adams, Wis.)—There is no rule as to the growth of hair after shaving. It may be renewed quickly or slowly, and come out the same color, or lighter or darker, straight or with a tendency to curl. There is often a change when a head has been shaved, particularly after illness; but what that change may be no one can predict. The health, strength, and other conditions will determine the result.

HART, (Randolph, N. C.)—You have probably done or said something which has hurt the feelings of the young lady or given her offence. Why do you not speak to her on the subject, and ask her wherefore she treats you so coldly? A word of explanation might set the matter all right; whereas, if no understanding be arrived at soon, you may become utterly estranged. It is always foolish for two persons who really love each other to allow their shallow pride to murder their happiness.

ANGELL, (Glendale, N. Y.)—Moles on the skin are the result of impure blood. A physician should be consulted as to the proper mode of removing them. 2. Just at present we think it is as well to learn the millinery or dressmaking trades as to study for the position of teacher. The former occupations are in every way as creditable and desirable as the latter. 3. Your handwriting is good. 4. For your age we think you are very tall, and your weight and size indicate that you will be considerably above the average woman in height and weight when fully developed.

BOOK-WORM, (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Bret Harte is at present in England. The other gentlemen reside in Boston and New York, respectively. A letter asking the autograph addressed "Boston" or "New York" would reach them. 2. Capt. Mayne Reid was born in Ireland in 1818, and was educated for the church. Early in life he came to this country and travelled very extensively, being also engaged in literary work. In 1848 he secured a captain's commission and fought on the American side during the Mexican war. Subsequently he turned his attention to novel-writing and rapidly produced a large number of very popular works. Since about 1850 he has resided in England, paying occasional visits to America.

CINDERELLA, (Homer, La.)—If the parties are of a suitable age and in satisfactory circumstances they may get married immediately should they choose to do so. Otherwise the longer the lady remained at home the better for herself. 2. From your description of yourself we should say you were rather pretty, although five feet ten inches is an extraordinary height for a girl. Your hand is very small and your feet in precise disproportion. The other measurements are also symmetrical. 3. Vashti was the queen of the Scriptural king Ahasuerus, who put her away to choose Esther. The meaning of the name we have not been able to learn. 4. We know nothing as to the reliability of the company you mention. 5. If you have musical taste and intelligence you should have less difficulty in learning music after twenty years of age than before. 6. We consider a young man who acts in the manner you describe, towards one lady, while engaged to another, a person of loose and dangerous principles. Have nothing to do with him in any way hereafter. 7. A classically shaped nose is where the ridge forms a straight line—that is, neither nog, arched, or hooked—from the base of the forehead to the tip of the nose. 8. On the whole your writing is passably good, though marked by several slight errors of spelling.